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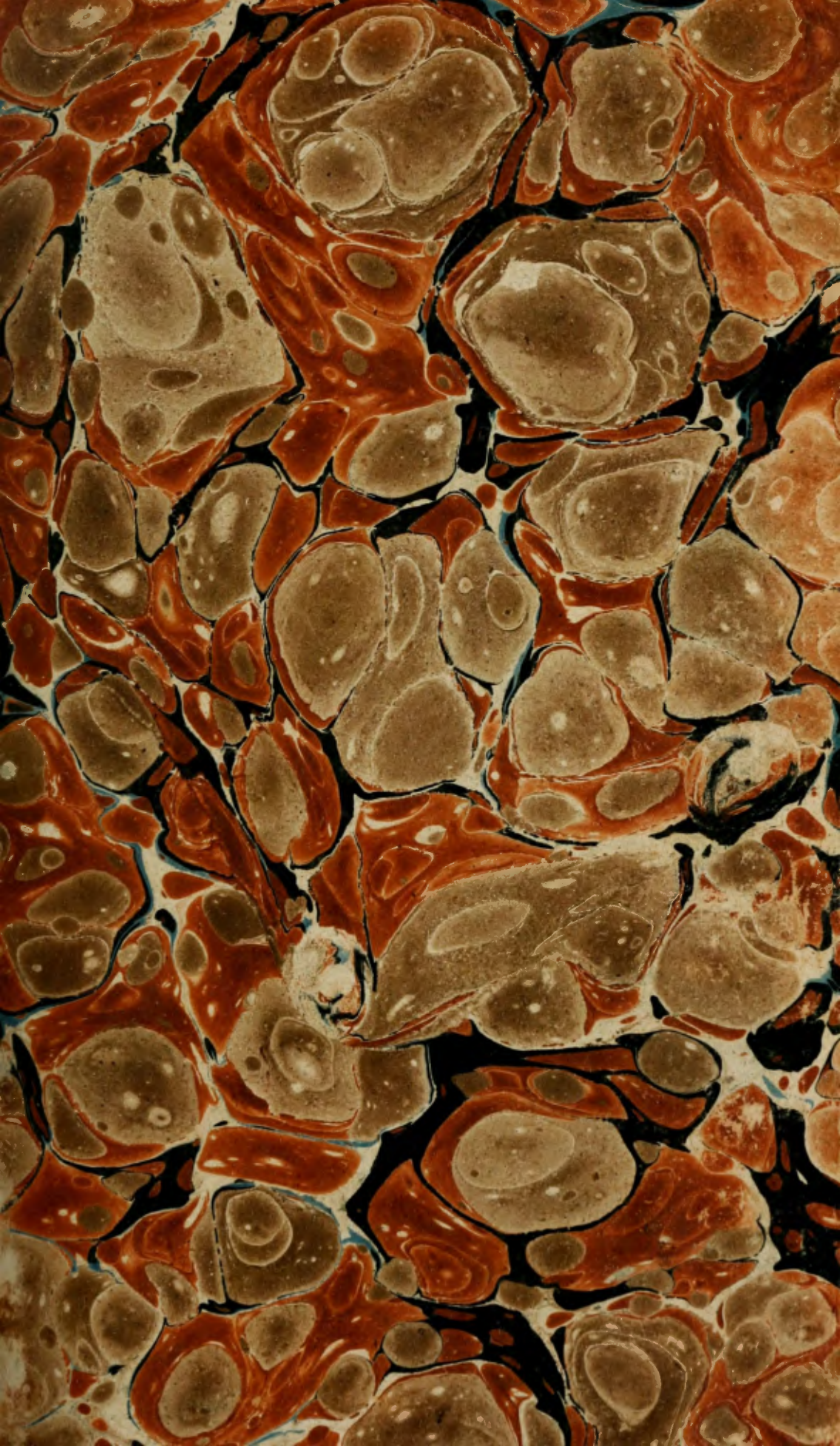

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.
BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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TALE II.

OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary.

Why seeks he with unwearied toil
  Through death's dim walks to urge his way;
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
  And lead oblivion into day?

LANGHORNE.

"MOST readers," says the Manuscript of Mr Pattieson, "must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village-school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of disci

pline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controuling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and labouring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius, with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their con-

nection with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the Eclogues of Virgil and Odes of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.

"To me these evening strolls have been the happiest hours of an unhappy life; and if any gentle reader shall hereafter find pleasure in perusing these lucubrations, I am not unwilling he should know, that the plan of them has been usually traced in those moments, when relief from

toil and clamour, combined with the quiet scenery around me, has disposed my mind to the task of composition.

"My chief haunt in these hours of golden leisure, is the banks of the small stream, which, winding through a 'lone vale of green bracken,' passes in front of the village school-house of Gandercleuch. For the first quarter of a mile, perhaps, I may be disturbed from my meditations, in order to return the scrape, or doffed bonnet, of such stragglers among my pupils as fish for trouts or minnows in the little brook, or seek rushes and wild-flowers by its margin. But, beyond the space I have mentioned, the juvenile anglers do not, after sun-set, voluntarily extend their excursions. The cause is, that farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inex-

pressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.*

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasing description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the

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* Note by Mr Jedidiah Cleishbotham.—That I kept my plight in this melancholy matter with my deceased and lamented friend, appeareth from a handsome head-stone, erected at my proper charges in this spot, bearing the name and calling of Peter Pattieson, with the date of his nativity and sepulture, with a testimony of his merits, attested by myself, as his superior and patron.—J. C.

ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank-springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hare-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of Heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their reliques are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation.

"Yet, although the moss has been collected on the most modern of these humble tombs during four generations of mankind, the memory of some of those who sleep beneath them is still held in reverend remembrance. It is true, that, upon the largest, and, to an antiquary, the most interesting monument of the group, which bears the effigies of a doughty knight in his hood of mail, with his shield hanging on his breast, the armorial bearings are defaced by time, and a few worn-out letters may be read at the pleasure of the decypherer, *Dns. Johan* - - - *de Hamel*, - - - or *Johan* - - - *de Lamel* - - - And it is also true, that of another tomb richly sculptured with an ornamented cross, mitre, and pastoral staff, tradition only can aver, that a certain nameless Bishop lies interred there. But upon other two stones which lie beside, may still be read in rude prose, and ruder rhyme, the history of those who lie beneath them. They belong, we are assured by

the epitaph, to the class of persecuted Presbyterians who afforded a melancholy subject for history in the times of Charles II. and his successor.* In returning from the battle of Pentland Hills, a party of the insurgents had been attacked in this glen by a small detachment of the King's troops, and three or four either killed in the skirmish, or shot after being made prisoners, as rebels taken with arms in their hands. The peasantry continue to attach to the tombs of those victims of prelacy an honour which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and, when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude, by exhorting them to be ready, should times call for it, to resist to

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* James, Seventh King of Scotland of that name, and Second according to the numeration of the Kings of England.—J. C.

the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.

"Although I am far from venerating the peculiar tenets asserted by those who call themselves the followers of those men, and whose intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry are at least as conspicuous as their devotional zeal, yet it is without depreciating the memory of those sufferers, many of whom united the independent sentiments of a Hampden with the suffering zeal of an Hooper or Latimer. On the other hand it would be unjust to forget, that many even of those who had been most active in crushing what they conceived the rebellious and seditious spirit of those unhappy wanderers, displayed, when called upon themselves to suffer for their political and religious opinions, the same daring and devoted zeal, tinctured, in their case, with chivalrous loyalty, as in the former with republican enthusiasm. It has often been remarked of the Scottish character, that the stubbornness with

which it is moulded shews most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biassed in its mode of growth even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shews no weather-side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended. It must be understood that I speak of my countrymen as they fall under my own observation. When in foreign countries, I have been informed that they are more docile. But it is time to return from this digression.

"One summer evening, as in a stroll, such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually sooth its solitude, the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was,

upon this occasion, distinctly heard, and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favourite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary.* As I approached I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chisel, the

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* I deem it fitting that the reader should be apprised, that this limitary boundary between the conterminous heritable property of his honour the Laird of Gandersleuch, and his honour the Laird of Gusedub, was to have been in fashion an *agger*, or rather *murus* of uncemented granite, called, by the vulgar, *a dry-stane-dike*, surmounted, or coped, *cespite viridi*, i. e. with a sod-turf. Truly their honours fell into discord concerning two roods of marshy ground, near the cove called the Bedral's Beild; and the controversy, having some years by-gone been removed from before the judges of the land, (with whom it abode long,) even unto the Great City of London and the Assembly of the Nobles therein, is, as I may say, *adhuc in pendente*.—J. C.

letters of the inscription, which, announcing, in scriptural language, the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat, of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-grey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches*, or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves, a poney, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, and hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the ani-

mal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet, from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn, nor are the motives which made him desert his home, and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant whose deeds and sufferings were his favourite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but, whether from pecuniary losses, or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced

that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death, a period, it is said, of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought, or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitation, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Mortality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surpri-

sed to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the grey stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true his wants were very few, for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religious person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he

always acknowledged, by repairing the gravestones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country church-yard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the black-cock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white poney grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality.

"The character of such a man could have in it little connection even with innocent gaiety. Yet, among those of his own religious persuasion, he is reported to have been chearful. The descendants of persecutors, or those whom he supposed guilty of entertaining similar tenets, and the scoffers at religion by whom he was sometimes assailed, he usually termed the generation of vipers. Conversing with others, he was grave and sententious, not without a cast of severity. But he is said

never to have been observed to give way to violent passion, excepting upon one occasion, when a mischievous truant-boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face which the old man was engaged in retouching. I am in general a sparer of the rod, notwithstanding the maxim of Solomon, for which school-boys have little reason to thank his memory; but on this occasion I deemed it proper to shew that I did not hate the child. But I must return to the circumstances attending my first interview with this interesting enthusiast.

"In accosting Old Mortality, I did not fail to pay respect to his years and his principles, beginning my address by a respectful apology for interrupting his labours. The old man intermitted the operation of the chisel, took off his spectacles and wiped them, then replacing them on his nose, acknowledged my courtesy by a suitable return. Encouraged by his affability, I intruded upon him some questions concerning the sufferers upon whose monu-

ment he was now employed. To talk of the exploits of the Covenanters was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business, of his life. He was profuse in the communication of all the minute information which he had collected concerning them, their wars, and their wanderings. One would almost have supposed he must have been their contemporary, and have actually beheld the passages which he related, so much had he identified his feelings and opinions with theirs, and so much had his narratives the circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

"'We,' he said, in a tone of exultation, 'are the only true whigs. Carnal men have assumed that triumphant appellation, following him whose kingdom is of this world. Which of them would sit six hours on a wet hill side to hear a godly sermon? I trow an hour o't wad staw them. They are ne'er a hair better than them that shame na to tak upon themsels the persecuting name of blude-thirsty tories. Selfseekers all of them, strivers after wealth,

power, and worldly ambition, and forgetters alike of what has been dree'd and done by the mighty men who stood in the gap in the great day of wrath. Nae wonder they dread the accomplishment of what was spoken by the mouth of the worthy Mr Peden, (that precious servant of the Lord, none of whose words fell to the ground) that the French monzies* sall rise as fast in the glens of Ayr, and the Kenns of Galloway, as ever the Highlandmen did in 1677. And now they are gripping to the bow and to the spear, when they suld be mourning for a sinfu' land and a broken covenant.'

"Soothing the old man by letting his peculiar opinions pass without contradiction, and anxious to prolong conversation with so singular a character, I prevailed upon him to accept that hospitality which Mr Cleishbotham is always willing to extend

* Probably monsieurs. It would seem this was spoken during the apprehensions of invasion from France.—*Publishers.*

to those who need it. In our way to the schoolmaster's house, we called at the Wallace Inn, where I was pretty certain I should find my patron about that hour of the evening. After a courteous interchange of civilities, Old Mortality was, with difficulty, prevailed upon to join his host in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he should be permitted to name the pledge, which he prefaced with a grace of about five minutes, and then, with bonnet doffed and eyes uplifted, drank to the memory of those heroes of the Kirk who had first uplifted her banner upon the mountains. As no persuasion could prevail on him to extend his conviviality to a second cup, my patron accompanied him home, and accommodated him in the prophet's chamber, as it is his pleasure to call the closet which holds a spare bed, and which is frequently a place of retreat for the poor traveller.*

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* He might have added, and for the *rich* also, since,

"The next day I took leave of Old Mortality, who seemed affected by the unusual attention with which I had cultivated his acquaintance and listened to his conversation. After he had mounted, not without difficulty, the old white poney, he took me by the hand and said, 'The blessing of our Master be with you, young man. My hours are like the ears of the latter harvest, and your days are yet in the spring; and yet you may be gathered into the garner of mortality before me, for the sickle of death cuts down the green as oft as the ripe, and there is a colour in your

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I laud my stars, the great of the earth have also taken harbourage in my poor domicile. And, during the service of my hand-maiden, Dorothy, who was buxom and comely of aspect, his Honour the Laird of Smackawa, in his peregrinations to and from the metropolis, was wont to prefer my prophet's chamber even to the sanded chamber of dais in the Wallace Inn, and to bestow a mutchkin, as he would jocosely say, to obtain the freedom of the house, but in reality to assure himself of my company during the evening.—J. C.

cheek, that, like the bud of the rose, serveth oft to hide the worm of corruption. Wherefore labour as one who knoweth not when his master calleth. And if it be my lot to return to this village after ye are gane hame to your ain place, these auld withered hands will frame a stane of memorial, that your name may not perish from among the people.'

"I thanked Old Mortality for his kind intentions in my behalf, and heaved a sigh, not, I think, of regret so much as of resignation, to think of the chance that I might soon require his good offices. But though, in all human probability, he did not err in supposing, that my span of life may be abridged in youth, he had overestimated the period of his own pilgrimage on earth. It is now some years since he has been missed in all his usual haunts, while moss, lichen, and deer-hair, are fast covering those stones to cleanse which had been the business of his life. About the beginning of this century he closed his

mortal toils, being found on the highway near Lockerby, in Dumfries-shire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white poney, the companion of all his wanderings, was standing by the side of his dying master. There was found about his person a sum of money sufficient for his decent interment, which serves to shew that his death was in no ways hastened by violence or by want. The common people still regard his memory with great respect; and many are of opinion, that the stones which he repaired will not again require the assistance of the chisel. They even assert, that on the tombs where the manner of the martyrs' murder is recorded, their names have remained indelibly legible since the death of Old Mortality, while those of the persecutors, sculptured on the same monuments, have been entirely defaced It is hardly necessary to say that this is a fond imagination, and that, since the time of the pious pilgrim, the monu-

ments which were the objects of his care are hastening, like all earthly memorials, into ruin or decay.

"My readers will of course understand, that, in embodying into one compressed narrative many of the anecdotes which I had the advantage of deriving from Old Mortality, I have been far from adopting either his style, his opinions, or even his facts, so far as they appear to have been distorted by party prejudice. I have endeavoured to correct or verify them from the most authentic sources of tradition, afforded by the representatives of either party.

"On the part of the presbyterians, I have consulted such moorland farmers from the western districts, as, by the kindness of their landlords, or otherwise, have been able, during the late general change of property, to retain possession of the grazings on which their grandsires fed their flocks and herds. I must own, that, of late days, I have found this a limited

source of information. I have, therefore, called in the supplementary aid of those modest itinerants, whom the scrupulous civility of our ancestors denominated travelling-merchants, and whom, of late, accommodating ourselves in this as in more material particulars to the feelings and sentiments of our more wealthy neighbours, we have learned to call packmen, or pedlars. To country weavers travelling in hopes to get rid of their winter web, but more especially to tailors, who, from their sedentary profession, and the necessity, in our country, of exercising it by temporary residence in the families by whom they are employed, may be considered as possessing a complete register of rural traditions, I have been indebted for many illustrations of the narratives of Old Mortality, much in the taste and spirit of the original.

"I had more difficulty in finding materials for correcting the tone of partiality which evidently pervaded these stars of

traditional learning, in order that I might be enabled to present an unbiassed picture of the manners of that unhappy period, and, at the same time, to do justice to the merits of both parties. But I have been enabled to qualify the narratives of Old Mortality and his Cameronian friends, by the reports of more than one descendant of ancient and honourable families, who, themselves decayed into the humble vale of life, yet look proudly back on the period when their ancestors fought and fell in behalf of the exiled house of Stuart. I may even boast right reverend authority on the same score; for more than one nonjuring bishop, whose authority and income was upon as apostolical a scale as the greatest abominator of Episcopacy could well desire, have deigned, while partaking of the humble cheer of the Wallace Inn, to furnish me with information corrective of the facts which I learned from others. There is also here and there a laird or two, who, though they shrug their should-

ers, profess no great shame in their fathers having served in the persecuting squadrons of Earlshall and Claverhouse. From the gamekeepers of these gentlemen, an office the most apt of any other to become hereditary in such families, I have also contrived to collect much valuable information.

" Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that, at this time, in describing the operation which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced rigour and tyranny in the one party, it will hardly be denied, on the other hand, that, if the zeal for God's house did not eat up the conventiclers, it devoured, at least, to imitate the phrase of Dryden, no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good breeding. We may safely hope, that the souls of the brave

and sincere on either side have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears. Peace to their memory! Let us think of them as the heroine of our only Scottish tragedy entreats her lord to think of her departed sire,

> "O, rake not up the ashes of our fathers!
> Implacable resentment was their crime,
> And grievous has the expiation been."

CHAPTER II.

Summon an hundred horse by break of day
To wait our pleasure at the castle gates.
Douglas.

UNDER the reign of the last Stuarts, there was an anxious wish on the part of government to counteract, by every means in their power, the strict or puritanical spirit which had been the chief characteristic of the republican government, and to revive those feudal institutions which united the vassal to the liege-lord, and both to the crown. Frequent musters and assemblies of the people, both for military exercise and for sports and pastimes, were appointed by authority. The interference, in the latter case, was impolitic, to say the least; for, as usual upon such occasions, the consciences which were at first only scru-

pulous, became confirmed in their opinion instead of giving way to the terrors of authority; and the youth of both sexes, to whom the pipe and tabor in England, or the bagpipe in Scotland, would have been in themselves an irresistible temptation, were enabled to set them at defiance, from the proud consciousness that they were, at the same time, resisting an act of council. To compel men to dance and be merry by authority has rarely succeeded, even on board of slave-ships, where it was formerly sometimes attempted by way of inducing the wretched captives to agitate their limbs, and restore the circulation, during the few minutes they were permitted to enjoy the fresh air upon deck. The rigour of the strict Calvinists increased in proportion to the wishes of the government that it should be relaxed. A Judaical observance of the Sabbath—a supercilious condemnation of all manly pastimes and harmless recreations, as well as of the profane custom of promiscuous dancing, that is, of

men and women dancing together in the same party, (for I believe they admitted that the exercise might be inoffensive if practised by the parties separately)—distinguished those who professed a more than ordinary share of sanctity. They discouraged, as far as lay in their power, even the ancient *wappen-schaws*, as they were called, when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each crown vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties. The Covenanters were the more jealous of these assemblies, as the lord-lieutenants and sheriffs under whom they were held had instructions from the government to spare no pains which might render them agreeable to the young men who were thus summoned together, upon whom the military exercise of the morning, and the sports which usually closed the evening, might

naturally be supposed to have a seductive effect.

The preachers and proselytes of the more rigid presbyterians laboured, therefore, by caution, remonstrance, and authority, to diminish the attendance upon these summonses, conscious that in doing so, they lessened not only the apparent, but the actual strength of the government, by impeding the extension of that *esprit de corps* which soon unites young men who are in the habit of meeting together for manly sport, or military exercise. They, therefore, exerted themselves earnestly to prevent attendance upon these occasions by those who could find any possible excuse for absence, and were especially severe upon such of their hearers as mere curiosity led to be spectators, or love of exercise to be partakers, of the array and the sports which took place. Such of the gentry as acceded to these doctrines were not always, however, in a situation to be ruled by them. The commands of the law were impera-

tive; and the privy council, who administered the executive power in Scotland, were severe in enforcing the statutory penalties against the crown vassals who did not appear at the periodical wappen-schaw. The landholders were compelled, therefore, to send their sons, tenants, and vassals to the rendezvous, to the number of horses, men, and spears, at which they were rated; and it frequently happened, that, notwithstanding the strict charge of their elders to return as soon as the formal inspection was over, the young men-at-arms were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in the sports which succeeded the muster, or to avoid listening to the prayers read in the churches on these occasions, and thus, in the opinion of their repining parents, meddling with the accursed thing which is an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappen-schaw of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydes-

dale, on a haugh, or level plain, near to a royal borough, the name of which is no way essential to my story, upon the morning of the 5th of May, 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popinjay, an ancient game formerly practised with archery, and then with firearms. This was the figure of a bird, decked with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay, or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fusees and carabines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change-house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices.

It will, of course, be supposed that the

ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight *insides* and six *outsides*. The insides were their graces in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain, stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot, and an equery to his Grace ensconced in the corresponding convenience on the opposite side. A coachman, and three postillions, who wore short swords, and tie-wigs

with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle-bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacquies, in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were upon horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was gene-

rally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with great grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green ribband from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity, sometimes brought against *blondes* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in these times, as it consisted only of two servants on horseback. The truth

was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack-boots, led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers who ought to have furnished men, horse, and harness on these occasions. At last, their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them, in return, the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication. What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough. The privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would

have been calling in the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

"For," said Harrison to himself, "the carles have little eneugh gear at ony rate, and if I call in the red-coats to take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the fowler, and falconer, the footman, and the ploughman, at the home farm, with an old drunken cavaliering butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsyth and Tippermoor, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black fishers, Mr Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden, as life-rentrix of the barony of Tillietudlem and others. But when the steward, on the

morning of the eventful day, had mustered his *troupe doree* before the iron grate of the tower, the mother of Cuddie the ploughman appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward; demurely assuring him, that whether it were the cholic, or a qualm of conscience, she couldna take upon her to decide, but sure it was, Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning. The finger of Heaven, she said, was in it, and her bairn should gang on nae sic errands. Pains, penalties, and threats of dismission were denounced in vain; the mother was obstinate, and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would, answer only by deep groans. Mause, who had been an ancient domestic in the family, was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly.

Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old butler suggested an experiment.

"He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Goose Gibbie, fight brawly under Montrose. What for no take Goose Gibbie?"

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old hen-wife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This urchin being sent for from the stubble-field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat, and girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full-grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if they were going to extinguish him. Thus accoutred, he was hoisted, at his own earnest request, upon the tamest horse of the party; and prompted and supported by old Gudyill the butler, as his front file, he

passed muster tolerably enough; the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well-affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

To the above cause it was owing that the personal retinue of Lady Margaret, on this eventful day, amounted only to two lacqueys, with which diminished train she would, upon any other occasion, have been much ashamed to appear in public. But, for the cause of royalty, she was ready at any time to have made the most unreserved personal sacrifices. She had lost her husband and two promising sons in the civil wars of that unhappy period; but she had received her reward, for, upon his route through the west of Scotland to meet Cromwell in the unfortunate field of Worcester, Charles the Second had actually breakfasted in the Tower of Tillietudlem, an incident which formed, from that moment, an important æra in the life of Lady Margaret, who seldom afterwards partook of that meal, either at home or

abroad, without detailing the whole circumstances of the royal visit, not forgetting the salutation which his majesty conferred on each side of her face, though she sometimes omitted to notice that he bestowed the same favour on two buxom serving-wenches who appeared at her back, elevated for the day into the capacity of waiting gentlewomen.

These instances of royal favour were decisive; and if Lady Margaret had not been a confirmed royalist already, from sense of high birth, influence of education, and hatred to the opposite party, through whom she had suffered such domestic calamity, the having given a breakfast to majesty, and received the royal salute in return, were honours enough of themselves to unite her exclusively to the fortunes of the Stuarts. These were now, in all appearance, triumphant; but Lady Margaret's zeal had adhered to them through the worst of times, and was ready to sustain the same severities of fortune should their

scale once more kick the beam. At present she enjoyed, in full extent, the military display of the force which stood ready to support the crown, and stifled, as well as she could, the mortification she felt at the unworthy desertion of her own retainers.

Many civilities passed between her ladyship and the representatives of sundry ancient loyal families who were upon the ground, by whom she was held in high reverence; and not a young man of rank passed by them in the course of the muster but he carried his body more erect in the saddle, and threw his horse upon his haunches, to display his own horsemanship and the perfect bitting of his steed to the best advantage in the eyes of Miss Edith Bellenden. But the young cavaliers, distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy peremptorily demand; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with

which she was addressed, most of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and long-winded romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels of the first rate, such as the romances of Cyrus, Cleopatra, and others, into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time as the little cock-boat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark. It was, however, the decree of fate that Miss Bellenden should not continue to evince the same equanimity till the conclusion of the day.

CHAPTER III.

Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warrior fell with heavy clang.
Pleasures of Hope.

When the military evolutions had been gone through tolerably well, allowing for the awkwardness of men and of horses, a loud shout announced that the competitors were about to step forth for the game of the popinjay already described. The mast, or pole, having a yard extended across it, from which the mark was displayed, was raised amid the acclamations of the assembly; and even those who had eyed the evolutions of the feudal militia with a sort of malignant and sarcastic sneer, from disinclination to the royal cause in which they were professedly embodied, could not refrain from taking considerable

interest in the strife which was now approaching. They crowded towards the goal, and criticized the appearance of each competitor as, in succession, they advanced, discharged their pieces at the mark, and had their good or bad address rewarded by the laughter or applause of the spectators. But when a slender young man, dressed with great simplicity, yet not without a certain air of pretension to elegance and gentility, approached the station with his fusee in his hand, his dark-green cloak thrown back over his shoulder, his laced ruff and feathered cap, indicating a superior rank to the vulgar, there was a murmur of interest among the spectators, whether altogether favourable to the young adventurer, it was difficult to discover.

"Ewhow, sirs, to see his father's son at the like o' these fearless follies!" was the ejaculation of the elder and more rigid puritans, whose curiosity had so far overcome their bigotry as to bring them to the

play-ground. But the generality viewed the strife less morosely, and were contented to wish success to the son of a deceased presbyterian leader, without strictly examining the propriety of his being a competitor for the prize.

Their wishes were gratified. At the first discharge of his piece the green adventurer struck the popinjay, being the first palpable hit of the day, though several balls had passed very near the mark. A loud shout of applause ensued. But the success was not decisive, it being necessary that each who followed should have his chance, and that those who succeeded in hitting the mark should renew the strife among themselves, till one displayed a decided superiority over the others. Two only of those who followed in order succeeded in hitting the popinjay. The first was a young man of low rank, heavily built, and who kept his face muffled in his grey cloak; the second a gallant young cavalier, remarkable for a handsome exte-

rior, sedulously decorated for the day. He had been since the muster in close attendance on Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, and had left them with an air of indifference, when Lady Margaret had asked whether there was no young man of family and loyal principles who would dispute the prize with those two lads who had been successful. In half a minute, young Lord Evandale threw himself from his horse, borrowed a gun from a servant, and, as we have already noticed, hit the mark. Great was the interest excited by the renewal of the contest between the three candidates who had been hitherto successful. The state equipage of the Duke was, with some difficulty, put in motion, and approached more near to the scene of action. The riders, both male and female, turned their horses' heads in the same direction, and all eyes were bent upon the issue of the trial of skill.

It was the etiquette in the second contest that the competitors should take their

turn of firing after drawing lots. The first fell upon the young plebeian, who, as he took his stand, half uncloaked his rustic countenance, and said to the gallant in green, "Ye see, Mr Henry, if it were ony other day, I could hae wished to miss for your sake; but Jenny Dennison is looking at us, sae I maun do my best."

He took his aim, and his bullet whistled past the mark so nearly, that the pendulous object at which it was directed was seen to shiver. Still, however, he had not hit it, and, with a downcast look, he withdrew himself from further competition, and hastened to disappear from the assembly, as if fearful of being recognized. The green chasseur next advanced, and his ball, a second time, struck the popinjay. All shouted; and from the outskirts of the assembly arose a cry of, "The good old cause for ever!"

While the dignitaries bent their brows at these exulting shouts of the disaffected, the young Lord Evandale advanced again to the hazard, and again was suc-

cessful. The shouts and congratulations of the well-affected and aristocratical part of the audience attended his success, but still a subsequent trial of skill remained.

The green marksman, as if determined to bring the affair to a decision, took his horse from a person who held him, having previously looked carefully to the security of his girths and the fitting of his saddle, vaulted on his back, and motioning with his hand for the by-standers to make way, set spurs, passed the place from which he was to fire at a gallop, and, as he passed, threw up the reins, turned sideways upon his saddle, discharged his carabine, and brought down the popinjay. Lord Evandale imitated his example, although many around him said it was an innovation on the established practice, which he was not obliged to follow. But his skill was not so perfect, or his horse was not so well trained. The animal swerved at the moment his master fired, and the ball missed the popinjay. Those

who had been surprised by the address of the green marksman were now equally pleased by his courtesy. He disclaimed all merit from the last shot, and proposed to his antagonist that it should not be counted as a hit, and that they should renew the contest on foot.

"I would prefer horseback if I had a horse as well bitted, and, probably, as well broken to the exercise as yours," said the young Lord, addressing his antagonist.

"Will you do me the honour to use him for the next trial, on condition you will lend me yours?" said the young gentleman.

Lord Evandale was ashamed to accept this courtesy, as conscious how much it would diminish the value of victory; and yet unable to suppress his wish to redeem his reputation as a marksman, he added, "that although he renounced all pretensions to the honour of the day," (which he said somewhat scornfully,) "yet, if the victor had no particular objection, he

would willingly embrace his obliging offer, and change horses with him for the purpose of trying a shot for love."

As he said so, he looked boldly towards Miss Bellenden, and tradition says, that the eyes of the young tirailleur travelled, though more covertly, in the same direction. The young Lord's last trial was as unsuccessful as the former, and it was with difficulty that he preserved the tone of scornful indifference which he had hitherto assumed. But, conscious of the ridicule which attaches itself to the resentment of a losing party, he returned to his antagonist the horse on which he had made his last unsuccessful attempt, and received back his own; giving, at the same time, thanks to his competitor, who, he said, had re-established his favourite horse in his good opinion, for he had been in great danger of transferring to the poor nag the blame of an inferiority which every one, as well as himself, must now be satisfied remained with the rider. Ha-

ving made this speech in a tone in which mortification assumed the veil of indifference, he mounted his horse and rode off the ground.

As is the usual way of the world, the applause and attention even of those whose wishes had favoured Lord Evandale, were, upon his decisive discomfiture, transferred to his triumphant rival.

"Who is he? what is his name?" ran from mouth to mouth among the gentry who were present, to few of whom he was personally known. His style and title having soon transpired, and being within that class whom a great man might notice without derogation, four of the Duke's friends, with the obedient start which poor Malvolio ascribes to his imaginary retinue, made out to lead the victor to his presence. As they conducted him in triumph through the crowd of spectators, and stunned him at the same time with their compliments on his success, he chanced to pass, or rather to be led, immediately in

front of Lady Margaret and her granddaughter. The Captain of the popinjay and Miss Bellenden coloured like crimson, as the latter returned, with embarrassed courtesy, the low inclination which the victor made even to the saddle-bow in passing her.

"So you know that young person?" said Lady Margaret.

"I—I—have seen him, Madam, at my uncle's, and—and elsewhere occasionally," stammered Miss Edith Bellenden.

"I hear them say around me," said Lady Margaret, "that the young spark is the nephew of old Milnwood."

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman who sate on horseback beside Lady Margaret.

"Ay, and who, before that, fought for the Covenanters both at Marston-Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret, sighing as she pronounced the last fatal words,

which her husband's death gave her such sad reason to remember.

"Your ladyship's memory is just," said the gentleman, smiling, "but it were well all that were forgot now."

"He ought to remember it, Gilbertscleugh," returned Lady Margaret, "and dispense with intruding himself into the company of those to whom his name must bring unpleasing recollections."

"You forget, my dear lady," said her nomenclator, "that the young gentleman comes here to discharge suit and service in name of his uncle. I would every estate in the country sent out as pretty a fellow."

"His uncle, as well as his umquhile father, is a round-head, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miser," said Gilbertscleugh, "with whom a broad piece would at any time weigh down political opinions, and, therefore, although probably somewhat against the grain, he sends the young

gentleman to attend the musters to save pecuniary pains and penalties. As for the rest, I suppose the youngster is happy enough to escape here for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but his hypochondriac uncle and the favourite housekeeper."

"Do you know how many men and horse the lands of Milnwood are rated at?" said the old lady, continuing her enquiry.

"Two horsemen with complete harness," answered Gilbertscleugh.

"Our land," said Lady Margaret, drawing herself up with dignity, "has always furnished to the muster eight men, cousin Gilbertscleugh, and often a voluntary aid of thrice the number. I remember his sacred Majesty King Charles, when he took his disjune at Tillietudlem, was particular in enquiring"——

"I see the Duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertscleugh, partaking at the mo-

ment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends, when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family-mansion,—" I see the Duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right of rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convey your ladyship and Miss Bellenden home?—Parties of the wild whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well-affected who travel in small numbers."

" We thank you, cousin Gilbertscleugh," said Lady Margaret; " but, as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat briskly; he rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hand gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses struck a canter than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and being armed with long-rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced

and plunged, while poor Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned, partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the Gallant Græmes, which Mr Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family-coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if

in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the Duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage, insides and outsides, at once, which had the blessed effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and, stumbling as he turned short round, kicked and plunged violently so soon as he recovered. The jack-boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the

stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide, of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

As she had not been made acquainted with this metamorphosis, and could not even guess its cause, her surprise and resentment were extreme, nor were they much modified by the excuses and explanations of her steward and butler. She made a hasty retreat homewards, extremely indignant at the shouts and laughter of the company, and much disposed to vent her displeasure on the refractory agriculturist whose place Goose Gibbie had so

unhappily supplied. The greater part of the gentry now dispersed, the whimsical misfortune which had befallen the gens d'armerie of Tillietudlem furnishing them with huge entertainment on their road homeward. The horsemen also, in little parties, as their road lay together, diverged from the place of rendezvous, excepting such as, having tried their dexterity at the popinjay, were, by ancient custom, obliged to partake of a grace-cup with their captain before their departure.

CHAPTER IV.

At fairs he play'd before the spearmen,
And gaily graithed in their gear then,
Steel bonnets, pikes, and swords shone clear then
As ony bead;
Now wha sall play before sic wier-men,
Since Habbie's dead?
Elegy on Habbie Simson.

THE cavalcade of horsemen on their road to the little borough-town were preceded by Niel Blane, the town-piper, mounted on his white galloway, armed with his dirk and broad-sword, and bearing a chanter streaming with as many ribbons as would deck out six country belles for a fair or preaching. Niel, a clean, tight, well-timbered, long-winded fellow, had gained the official situation of town-piper of —— by his merit, with all the emoluments thereof; namely, the Piper's Croft, as it is still

called, a field of about an acre in extent, five merks and a new livery-coat of the town's colours, yearly; some hopes of a dollar upon the day of the election of magistrates, providing the provost was able and willing to afford such a gratuity; and the privilege of paying, at all the respectable houses in the neighbourhood, an annual visit at spring-time, to rejoice their hearts with his music, to comfort his own with their ale and brandy, and to beg from each a modicum of seed-corn.

In addition to these inestimable advantages, Niel's personal, or professional, accomplishments, won the heart of a jolly widow, who then kept the principal change-house in the borough. Her former husband having been a strict presbyterian of such note that he usually went among his sect by the name of Gaius the publican, many of the more rigid were scandalized by the profession of the successor whom his relict had chosen for a second help-mate.

As the *browst* (or brewing) of the Howff retained, nevertheless, its unrivalled reputation, most of the old customers continued to give it a preference. The character of the new landlord, indeed, was of that accommodating kind, which enabled him, by close attention to the helm, to keep his little vessel pretty steady amid the contending tides of faction. He was a good-humoured, shrewd, selfish sort of fellow, indifferent alike to the disputes about church and state, and only anxious to secure the good-will of customers of every description. But his character, as well as the state of the country, will be best understood by giving the reader an account of the instructions which he issued to his daughter, a girl about eighteen, whom he was initiating in those cares which had been faithfully discharged by his wife, until about six months before our story commences, when the honest woman had been carried to the kirk-yard.

"Jenny," said Niel Blane, as the girl assisted to disencumber him of his bagpipes, " this is the first day that you are to take the place of your worthy mother in attending to the public; a douce woman she was, civil to the customers, and had a gude name wi' whig and tory, baith up the street and down the street. It will be hard for you to fill her place, especially on sic a thrang day as this, but Heaven's will maun be obeyed.—Jenny, whatever Milnwood ca's for be sure he maun hae't, for he's the Captain o' the Popinjay, and auld customs maun be supported; if he canna pay the lawing himsel, as I ken he's keep-it unco short by the head, I'll find a way to shame it out o' his uncle.—The curate is playing at dice wi' Cornet Graham. Be eident and civil to them baith—clergy and captains can gi'e an unco deal o' fash in thae times, where they take an ill-will.—The dragoons will be crying for ale, and they winna want it, and mauna want it—they are unruly chields, but they pay ane

some gate or other. I gat the humle-cow, that's the best in the byre, frae black Frank Inglis and Serjeant Bothwel, for ten pund Scots, and they drank out the price at ae downsitting."

"But father," interrupted Jenny, "they say the twa reiving loons drave the cow frae the gudewife o' Bell's-moor, just because she gaed to hear a field-preaching ae Sabbath afternoon."

"Whisht! ye silly taupie," said her father, "we have naething to do how they come by the bestial they sell—be that atween them and their consciences.—Aweel—Take notice, Jenny, of that dour, stour-looking carle that sits by the cheek o' the ingle, and turns his back on a' men. He looks like ane o' the hill-folk, for I saw him start awee when he saw the red coats, and I jalouse he wad hae liked to hae ridden bye, but his horse (it's a gude gelding) was ower sair travailed; he behoved to stop whether he wad or no. Serve him cannily, Jenny, and wi' little din, and dinna bring

the sodgers on him by speering ony questions at him; but let na him hae a room to himsel, they wad say we were hiding him. —For yoursel, Jenny, ye'll be civil to a' the folk, and take nae heed o' ony nonsense and daffing the young lads may say t'ye. Folk in the hostler line maun pit up wi' muckle. Your mother, rest her saul, could pit up wi' as muckle as maist women—but aff hands is fair play; and if ony body be uncivil ye may gi'e me a cry.—Aweel, —when the malt begins to get aboon the meal, they'll begin to speak about government in kirk and state, and then, Jenny, they are like to quarrel—let them be doing —anger's a drouthy passion, and the mair they dispute, the mair ale they'll drink; but ye were best serve them wi' a pint of the sma browst, it will heat them less, and they'll never ken the difference."

"But, father," said Jenny, "if they come to lounder ilk ither as they did last time, suld na I cry on you?"

"At no hand, Jenny; the redder gets

aye the warst lick in the fray. If the sodgers draw their swords, ye'll cry on the corporal and the guard. If the countra folk tak the tangs and poker, ye'll cry on the baillie and town-officers. But in nae event cry on me, for I am wearied wi' doudling the bag o' wind a' day, and I am gaun to eat my dinner quietly in the spence.—And, now I think on't, the Laird of Lickitup (that's him that was the laird) was speering for sma' drink and a saut herring—gi'e him a pu' be the sleeve, and round into his lug I wad be blyth o' his company to dine wi' me; he was a gude customer anes in a day, and wants naething but means to be a gude ane agane—he likes drink as weel as e'er he did. And if ye ken ony poor body o' our acquaintance that's blate for want o' siller, and has far to gang hame, ye needna stick to gi'e them a waught o' drink and a bannock—we'll ne'er miss't, and it looks creditable in a house like ours. And now, hinny, gang awa', and serve the folk, but first bring me

my dinner and twa chappins o' yill and the mutchkin stoup o' brandy."

Having thus devolved his whole cares on Jenny as prime minister, Niel Blane and the *ci-devant* laird, once his patron, but now glad to be his trencher-companion, sate down to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening, remote from the bustle of the public room.

All in Jenny's department was in full activity. The knights of the popinjay received and requited the hospitable entertainment of their captain, who, though he spared the cup himself, took care it should go round with due celerity among the rest, who might not have otherwise deemed themselves handsomely treated. Their numbers melted away by degrees, and were at length diminished to four or five, who began to talk of breaking up their party. At another table, at some distance, sat two of the dragoons whom Niel Blane had mentioned, a serjeant and a pri-

vate in Claverhouse's regiment of life-guards. Even the non-commissioned officers and privates in these corps were not considered as ordinary mercenaries, but rather approached to the rank of the French mousquetairs, being regarded in the light of cadets, who performed the duties of rank-and-file with the prospect of obtaining commissions in case of distinguishing themselves.

Many young men of good families were to be found in the ranks, a circumstance which added to the pride and self-consequence of these troops. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the person of the non-commissioned officer in question. His real name was Francis Stuart, but he was universally known by the appellation of Bothwell, being lineally descended from the last Earl of that name; not the infamous lover of the unfortunate Queen Mary, but Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, whose turbulence and repeated conspiracies embarrassed the early part of

James Sixth's reign, and who at length died in exile in great poverty. The son of this earl had sued to Charles I. for the restitution of part of his father's forfeited estates, but the grasp of the nobles to whom they had been allotted was too tenacious to be unclenched. The breaking out of the civil wars utterly ruined him, by intercepting a small pension which Charles I. had allowed him, and he died in the utmost indigence. His son, after having served as a soldier abroad and in Britain, and passed through several vicissitudes of fortune, was fain to content himself with the situation of a non-commissioned officer in the life-guards, although lineally descended from the royal family, the father of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell having been a natural son of James VI. Great personal strength, and dexterity in the use of his arms, as well as the remarkable circumstances of his descent, had recommended this man to the attention of his officers. But he partook in a great degree of the licentious-

ness and oppressive disposition, which the habit of acting as agents for government in levying fines, exacting free quarters, and otherwise oppressing the presbyterian recusants, had rendered too general among these soldiers. They were so much accustomed to these missions, that they conceived themselves at liberty to commit all manner of license with impunity, as if totally exempted from all law and authority, excepting the command of their officers. On such occasions Bothwell was usually the most forward.

It is probable that Bothwell and his companions would not so long have remained quiet, but for respect to the presence of their cornet, who commanded the small party quartered in the borough, and who was engaged in a game at dice with the curate of the place. But both of these being suddenly called from their amusement to speak with the chief magistrate upon some urgent business, Bothwell was not long of evincing his contempt for the rest of the company.

"Is it not a strange thing, Halliday," he said to his comrade, "to see a set of bumpkins sit carousing here this whole evening without having drunk the king's health?"

"They have drank the king's health," said Halliday. "I heard that green kail-worm of a lad name his majesty's health."

"Did he?" said Bothwell. "Then, Tom, we'll have them drink the Archbishop of St Andrews' health, and do it on their knees too."

"So we will, by G—," said Halliday, "and he that refuses it, we'll have him to the guard-house, and teach him to ride the colt foaled of an acorn, with a brace of carabines at each foot to keep him steady."

"Right, Tom," continued Bothwell; "and, to do all things in order, I'll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle-nook."

He rose accordingly, and taking his sheathed broad-sword under his arm to support the insolence which he meditated, placed himself in front of the stranger no-

ticed by Niel Blane, in his admonitions to his daughter, as being, in all probability, one of the hill-folk, or refractory presbyterians.

"I make so bold as to request of your precision, beloved," said the trooper in a tone of affected solemnity, and assuming the snuffle of a country preacher, "that you will arise from your seat, beloved, and, having bent your hams until your knees do rest upon the floor, beloved, that you will turn over this measure (called by the profane a gill) of the comfortable creature, which the carnal denominate brandy, to the health and glorification of his Grace the Archbishop of St Andrews, the worthy primate of all Scotland."

All waited for the stranger's answer.—His features, austere even to ferocity, with a cast of eye which, without being actually oblique, approached nearly to a squint, and which gave a very sinister expression to his countenance, joined to a frame, square, strong, and muscular, though some-

thing under the middle size, seemed to announce a man unlikely to understand rude jesting, or to receive insults with impunity.

"And what is the consequence," said he, "if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?"

"The consequence thereof, beloved," said Bothwell, in the same tone of raillery, "will be, firstly, that I will tweak thy proboscis, or nose. Secondly, beloved, that I will apply my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and will conclude, beloved, with a practical application of the flat of my sword to the shoulders of the recusant."

"Is it even so?" said the stranger, "then give me the cup;" and, taking it in his hand, said, with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, 'The Archbishop of St Andrews, and the place he now worthily holds;—may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharpe!"

"He has taken the test," said Halliday exultingly.

"But with a qualification," said Bothwell; "I don't understand what the devil the crop-eared whig means."

"Come, gentlemen," said Morton, who became impatient of their insolence, "we are here met as good subjects, and on a merry occasion; and we have a right to expect we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion."

Bothwell was about to make a surly answer, but Halliday reminded him in a whisper, that there were strict injunctions that the soldiers should give no offence to the men who were sent out to the musters, agreeably to the council's orders. So, after honouring Morton with a broad and fierce stare, he said, "Well, Mr Popinjay, I shall not disturb your reign; I reckon it will be out by twelve at night.—Is it not an odd thing, Halliday," he continued, addressing his companion, "that they should make such a fuss about cracking off their birding-pieces at a mark which any woman or boy could hit with a day's practice?

If Captain Popinjay now, or any of his troop, would try a bout, either with the broadsword, backsword, single rapier, or rapier and dagger, for a gold noble, the first drawn blood, there would be some soul in it—or, zounds, would the bumpkins but wrestle, or pitch the bar, or putt the stone, or throw the axle-tree, if (touching the end of Morton's sword scornfully with his toe,) they carry things about them that they are afraid to draw."

Morton's patience and prudence now gave way entirely, and he was about to make a very angry answer to Bothwell's insolent observations, when the stranger stepped forward.

"This is my quarrel," he said, "and in the name of the good cause, I will see it out myself.—Hark thee, friend," (to Bothwell,) "wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Bothwell; "yea I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

"Then, as my trust is in Him that can help," retorted his antagonist, "I will forthwith make thee an example to all such railing Rabshekahs."

With that he dropped his coarse grey horseman's coat from his shoulders, and extending his strong brawny arms with a look of determined resolution, he offered himself to the contest. The soldier was nothing abashed by the muscular frame, broad chest, square shoulders, and hardy look of his antagonist, but, whistling with great composure, unbuckled his belt, and laid aside his military coat. The company stood round them anxious for the event.

In the first struggle the trooper seemed to have some advantage, and also in the second, though neither could be considered as decisive. But it was plain he had put his whole strength too suddenly forth. against an antagonist possessed of great endurance, skill, vigour, and length of wind. In the third close, the country-

man lifted his opponent fairly from the floor, and hurled him to the ground with such violence, that he lay for an instant stunned and motionless. His comrade, Halliday, immediately drew his sword; "You have killed my serjeant," he exclaimed to the victorious wrestler, "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it."

"Stand back!" cried Morton and his companions, "it was all fair play; your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Bothwell as he slowly rose; "put up your bilbo, Tom. I did not think there was a crop-ear of them all could have laid the best cap and feather in the King's Life Guards on the floor of a rascally change-house.—Hark ye, friend, give me your hand." The stranger held out his hand. "I promise you," said Bothwell, squeezing his hand very hard, "that the time shall come when we will meet again, and try this game over in a more earnest manner."

"And I'll promise you," said the stran-

ger, returning the grasp with equal firmness, "that, when we next meet, I will lay your head as low as it lay even now, when you shall lack the power to lift it up again."

"Well, beloved," answered Bothwell, "if thou be'st a whig, thou art a stout and a brave one, and so good even to thee—Had'st best take thy nag before the cornet makes the round, for, I promise thee, he has stay'd less suspicious-looking persons."

The stranger seemed to think that the hint was not to be neglected; he flung down his reckoning, and, going into the stable, saddled and brought out a powerful black horse, now recruited by rest and forage, and turning to Morton, observed, "I ride towards Milnwood, which I hear is your home; will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton, although there was something of gloomy and relentless severity in the man's manner from which his mind recoiled. His companions,

after a courteous good-night, broke up and went off in different directions, some keeping them company for about a mile, until they dropped off one by one, and the travellers were left alone.

The company had not long left the Houffe, as Blane's public-house was called, when the trumpets and kettle-drums sounded. The troopers got under arms in the market-place at this unexpected summons, while, with faces of anxiety and earnestness, Cornet Grahame, and the Provost of the borough, followed by half a dozen soldiers, and town-officers with halberts, entered the apartment of Niel Blane.

"Guard the doors," were the first words which the cornet spoke; "let no man leave the house.—So, Bothwell, how comes this? Did you not hear them sound boot and saddle?"

"He was just going to quarters, sir," said his comrade; "he has had a bad fall."

"In a fray, I suppose?" said Grahame.

"If you neglect duty in this way, your royal blood will hardly protect you."

"How have I neglected duty?" said Bothwell, sulkily.

"You should have been at quarters, Serjeant Bothwell; you have lost a golden opportunity. Here are news come that the Archbishop of St Andrews has been strangely and foully assassinated by a body of the rebel whigs, who pursued and stopped his carriage on Magus-Muir, near the town of St Andrews, dragged him out, and dispatched him with their swords and daggers."

All stood aghast at the intelligence.

"Here are their descriptions," continued the cornet, pulling out a proclamation, "the reward of a thousand merks is on each of their heads."

"The test, the test, and the qualification!" said Bothwell to Halliday; "I know the meaning now—Zounds that we should not have stopt him! Go saddle our horses, Halliday.—Was there one of the men, cor

net, very stout and square-made, double-chested, thin in the flanks, hawk-nosed?"

"Stay, stay," said Cornet Grahame, "let me look at the paper.—Haxtoun of Rathillet, tall, thin, black-haired."

"That is not my man," said Bothwell.

"John Balfour, called Burley, aquiline nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height"——

"It is he—it is the very man," said Bothwell, "skellies fearfully with one eye?"

"Right," continued Grahame, "rode a strong black horse taken from the primate at the time of the murder."

"The very man," exclaimed Bothwell, "and the very horse! he was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

A few hasty enquiries tended still more to confirm the opinion, that the reserved and stern stranger was Balfour of Burley, the actual commander of the band of assassins, who, in the fury of misguided zeal, had murdered the primate, whom they ac-

cidentally met, as they were searching for another person against whom they bore enmity. In their excited imagination the casual rencounter had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the archbishop, with circumstances of great and cool-blooded cruelty, under the belief, that the Lord, as they expressed it, had delivered him into their hand.

"Horse, horse, and pursue, my lads," exclaimed Cornet Grahame; "the murdering dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

CHAPTER V.

Arouse thee, youth !—it is no human call—
God's church is leaguered—haste to man the wall ;
Haste where the Redcross banners wave on high,
Signal of honoured death, or victory.

JAMES DUFF.

MORTON and his companions had attained some distance from the town before either of them addressed the other. There was something, as we have observed, repulsive in the manner of the stranger, which prevented Morton from opening the conversation, and he himself seemed to have no desire to talk, until, on a sudden, he abruptly demanded, "What has your father's son to do with such profane mummeries as I find you engaged in?"

"I do my duty as a subject, and pursue my harmless recreations according to my

own pleasure," replied Morton, somewhat offended.

"Is it your duty, think you, or that of any Christian young man, to bear arms in their cause who have poured out the blood of God's saints in the wilderness as if it had been water? or is it a lawful recreation to waste time in shooting at a bunch of feathers, and close your evening with wine-bibbing in public-houses and market-towns, when He that is mighty is come into the land with his fan in his hand, to purge the wheat from the chaff?"

"I suppose, from your style of conversation," said Morton, "that you are one of those who have thought proper to stand out against the government. I must remind you that you are unnecessarily using dangerous language in the presence of a mere stranger, and that times do not render it safe for me to listen to it."

"Thou can'st not help it, Henry Morton," said his companion; "thy master has his uses for thee, and when he calls thou

must obey. Well wot I thou hast not heard the call of a true preacher, or thou hadst ere now been what thou wilt assuredly one day become."

"We are of the presbyterian persuasion," said Morton, "like yourself."

For his uncle's family attended the ministry of one of those numerous presbyterian clergymen, who, complying with certain regulations, were licensed to preach without interruption from the government. This *indulgence*, as it was called, made a great schism among the presbyterians, and those who accepted of it were severely censured by the more rigid sectaries, who refused the proffered terms. The stranger, therefore, answered with great disdain to Morton's profession of faith.

"That is but an equivocation—a poor equivocation. Ye listen on the Sabbath to a cold, worldly, time-serving discourse, from one who forgets his high commission so much as to hold his apostleship by the favour of the courtiers and the false pre-

lates, and ye call that hearing the word? Of all the baits with which the devil has fished for souls in these days of blood and darkness, that Black Indulgence has been the most destructive. An awful dispensation it has been, a smiting of the shepherd and a scattering of the sheep upon the mountains—an uplifting of one Christian banner against another, and a fighting of the wars of darkness with the swords of the children of light."

"My uncle," said Morton, "is of opinion, that we enjoy a reasonable freedom of conscience under the indulged clergyman, and I must necessarily be guided by his sentiments respecting the choice of a place of worship for his family."

"Your uncle," said the horseman, "is one of those to whom the least lamb in his own folds at Milnwood is dearer than the whole Christian flock. He is one that could willingly bend down to the golden-calf of Bethel, and would have fished for the dust thereof when it was ground to

powder and cast upon the waters. Thy father was a man of another stamp."

"My father," replied Morton, "was indeed a brave and gallant man. And you may have heard, sir, that he fought for that royal family in whose name I was this day carrying arms."

"Ay; and had he lived to see these days, he would have cursed the hour he ever drew sword in their cause. But more of this hereafter—I promise thee full surely that thy hour will come, and then the words thou hast now heard will stick in thy bosom like barbed arrows. My road lies there."

He pointed towards a pass leading up into a wild extent of dreary and desolate hills; but as he was about to turn his horse's head into the rugged path, which led from the high road in that direction, an old woman, wrapped in a red cloak, who was sitting by the cross way, arose, and approaching him, said in a mysterious tone

of voice, "If ye be of our ain folk, gang na up the pass the night for your lives. There is a lion in the path, that is there. The curate of Brotherstane and ten soldiers hae beset the pass, to hae the lives of ony of our puir wanderers that venture that gate to join wi' Hamilton and Dingwall."

"Have the persecuted folk drawn to any head among themselves?" demanded the stranger.

"About sixty or seventy horse and foot," said the old dame; "but, ewhow! they are puirly armed, and warse fended wi' victual."

"God will help his own," said the horseman. "Which way shall I take to join them?"

"It's a mere impossibility this night," said the woman, "the troopers keep sae strict a guard; and they say there's strange news come frae the east, that makes them rage in their cruelty mair fierce than ever

—Ye maun take shelter somegate for the night before ye get to the muirs, and keep yoursel in hiding till the grey o' the morning, and then ye may find your way through the Drake Moss. When I heard the awfu' threatenings o' the oppressors, I e'en took my cloak about me, and sate down by the way-side, to warn ony of our poor scattered remnant that chanced to come this gate, before they fell into the nets of the spoilers."

"Have you a house near this?" said the stranger; "and can you give me hiding there?"

"I have," said the old woman, "a hut by the way-side, it may be a mile from hence; but four men of Belial, called dragoons, are lodged therein, to spoil my household goods at their pleasure, because I will not wait upon the thowless, thriftless, fissenless ministry of that carnal man, John Halftext, the curate."

"Good night, good woman, and thanks

for thy council," said the stranger, as he rode away.

"The blessings of the promise upon you," returned the old dame; "may He keep you that can keep you."

"Amen!" said the traveller; "for where to hide my head this night, mortal skill cannot direct me."

"I am very sorry for your distress," said Morton; "and had I a house or place of shelter that could be called my own, I almost think I would risk the utmost rigour of the law rather than leave you in such a strait. But my uncle is so alarmed at the pains and penalties denounced by the laws against such as comfort, receive, or consort with inter-communed persons, that he has strictly forbidden all of us to hold any intercourse with them."

"It is no less than I expected," said the stranger; "nevertheless, I might be received without his knowledge;—a barn, a hay-loft, a cart-shed,—any place where I

could stretch me down, would be to my habits like a tabernacle of silver set about with planks of cedar."

"I assure you," said Morton, much embarrassed, "that I have not the means of receiving you at Milnwood without my uncle's consent and knowledge; nor, if I could do so, would I think myself justifiable in engaging him unconsciously in a danger which, most of all others, he fears and deprecates."

"Well," said the traveller, "I have but one word to say. Did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?"

"His ancient friend and comrade, who saved his life, with almost the loss of his own, in the battle of Longmarston-Moor? —Often, very often.

"I am that Balfour. Yonder stands thy uncle's house; I see the light among the trees. The avenger of blood is behind me, and my death certain unless I have refuge there. Now, make thy choice, young man, to shrink from the side of thy father's

friend, like a thief in the night, and to leave him exposed to the bloody death from which he rescued thy father, or to expose thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril as, in this perverse generation, attends those who give a morsel of bread or a draught of cold water to a Christian man, when perishing for lack of refreshment!"

A thousand recollections thronged on the mind of Morton at once. His father, whose memory he idolized, had often enlarged upon his obligations to this man, and regretted, that, after having been long comrades, they had parted in some unkindness at the time when the kingdom of Scotland was divided into Resolutioners and Protesters; the former of whom adhered to Charles II. after his father's death upon the scaffold, while the protesters inclined rather to an union with the triumphant republicans. The stern fanaticism of Burley had attached him to this latter party, and the comrades had parted in displeasure, never, as it happened, to meet again.

These circumstances the deceased Colonel Morton had often mentioned to his son, and always with an expression of deep regret, that he had never, in any manner, been enabled to repay the assistance, which, on more than one occasion, he had received from Burley.

To hasten Morton's decision, the night-wind, as it swept along, brought from a distance the sullen sound of a kettle-drum, which, seeming to approach nearer, intimated that a body of horse were upon their march towards them.

"It must be Claverhouse, with the rest of his regiment. What can have occasioned this night-march? If you go on, you fall into their hands—if you turn back towards the borough-town, you are in no less danger from Cornet Grahame's party.—The path to the hill is beset. I must shelter you at Milnwood, or expose you to instant death;—but the punishment of the law shall fall upon myself, as in justice it should, not upon my uncle.—Follow me."

Burley, who had awaited his resolution with great composure, now followed him in silence.

The house of Milnwood, built by the father of the present proprietor, was a decent mansion, suitable to the size of the estate, but, since the accession of this owner, it had been suffered to go considerably into disrepair. At some little distance from the house stood the court of offices. Here Morton paused.

"I must leave you here for a little while," he whispered, "until I can provide a bed for you in the house."

"I care little for such delicacy," said Burley; "for thirty years this head has rested oftener on the turf, or on the next grey stone, than upon either wool or down. A draught of ale, a morsel of bread, to say my prayers, and to stretch me upon dry hay, were to me as good as a painted chamber and a prince's table."

It occurred to Morton at the same moment, that to attempt to introduce the

fugitive within the house, would materially increase the danger of detection. Accordingly, having struck a light with implements left in the stable for that purpose, and having fastened up their horses, he assigned Burley, for his place of repose, a wooden bed, placed in a loft half full of hay, which an out-of-door domestic had occupied until dismissed by his uncle in one of those fits of parsimony which became more rigid from day to day. In this untenanted loft Morton left his companion, with a caution so to shade his light that no reflection might be seen from the window, and a promise that he would presently return with such refreshments as he might be able to procure at that late hour. This last, indeed, was a subject on which he felt by no means confident, for the power of obtaining even the most ordinary provisions depended entirely upon the humour in which he might happen to find his uncle's sole confidante, the old housekeeper. If she chanced to be

a-bed, which was very likely, or out of humour, which was not less so, Morton well knew the case to be at least problematical.

Cursing in his heart the sordid parsimony which pervaded every part of his uncle's establishment, he gave the usual gentle knock at the bolted door, by which he was accustomed to seek admittance, when accident had detained him abroad beyond the early and established hours of rest at the house of Milnwood. It was a sort of hesitating tap, which carried an acknowledgment of transgression in its very sound, and seemed rather to solicit than command attention. After it had been repeated again and again, the housekeeper, grumbling betwixt her teeth as she rose from the chimney corner in the hall, and wrapping her checked handkerchief round her head to secure her from the cold air, paced across the stone passage, and repeated a careful "Whae's there at this time o' night?" more than once be-

fore she undid the bolts and bars, and cautiously opened the door.

"This is a fine time o' night, Mr Henry," said the old dame, with the tyrannic insolence of a spoilt and favourite domestic; —"a braw time o' night and a bonnie, to disturb a peaceful house in, and to keep quiet folks out o' their beds waiting for you. Your uncle's been in his amaist three hours syne, and Robin's ill o' the rheumatize, and he's to his bed too, and sae I had to sit up for ye mysel, for as sair a hoast as I hae."

Here she coughed once or twice, in further evidence of the inconvenience which she had sustained.

"Much obliged to you, Alison, and many kind thanks."

"Hegh, sirs, sae fair-fashioned as we are! Mony folk ca' me Mistress Wilson, and Milnwood himsel is the only ane about the town thinks o' ca'ing me Alison, and indeed he as aften says Mistress Alison as ony other thing."

"Well, then, Mistress Alison," said Morton, "I really am sorry to have kept you up waiting till I came in."

"And now, that ye are come in, Mr Henry, what for do ye no tak up your candle and gang to your bed? and mind ye dinna let the candle sweal as ye gang alang the wainscot parlour, and haud a' the house scouring to get out the grease again."

"But, Alison, I really must have something to eat, and a draught of ale, before I go to bed."

"Eat?—and ale, Mr Henry?—My certie, ye're ill to serve! Do ye think we have na heard o' your grand popinjay-wark yonder, and how ye bleezed away as muckle pouther as wad hae shot a' the wild-fowl that we'll want atween and Candlemas—and then ganging majoring to the piper's Howff wi' a' the idle loons in the country, and sitting there birling, at your poor uncle's cost nae doubt, wi' a' the scaff and raff o' the water-side, till sun-down, and

then coming hame and crying for ale, as if ye were maister and mair?"

Extremely vexed, yet anxious, on account of his guest, to procure refreshments if possible, Morton suppressed his resentment, and good-humouredly assured Mrs Wilson that he was really both hungry and thirsty; "and as for the shooting at the popinjay, I have heard you say you have been there yourself, Mrs Wilson—I wish you had come to look at us."

"Ah, Maister Henry," said the old dame, "I wish ye binna beginning to learn the way of blawing in a woman's lug, wi' a' your whilly-wha's—a weel, sae ye dinna practise them but on auld wives like me, the less matter. But tak heed o' the young queans, lad.—Popinjay—ye think yoursel a bra' fellow enow; and troth!" (surveying him with the candle,) "there's nae fault to find wi' the outside, if the inside be conforming. But I mind, when I was a gilpey of a lassock, seeing the Duke,

that was him that lost his head at London —folk said it was na a very gude ane, but it was aye a sair loss to him, puir gentleman—Aweel, he wan the popinjay, for few cared to win it ower his Grace's head —Weel, he had a comely presence, and when a' the gentles mounted to show their capers, his Grace was as near to me as I am to you; and he said to me, 'Take tent o' yoursel, my bonnie lassie, (these were his very words) for my horse is not very chancy.'—And now, as ye say ye had sae little to eat or drink, I'll let you see that I have nae been sae unmindfu' o' you, for I dinna think it's safe for young folk to gang to their bed on an empty stamach."

To do Mrs Wilson justice, her nocturnal harangues upon such occasions not unfrequently terminated with this sage apothegm, which always prefaced the producing of some provision a little better than ordinary, such as she now placed before him. In fact, the principal object of her

maundering being to display her consequence and love of power, Mrs Wilson was not, at the bottom, an ill-tempered woman, and certainly loved her old and young master (both of whom she tormented extremely) better than any one else in the world. She now eyed Mr Henry, as she called him, with great complacency as he partook of her good cheer.

"Muckle gude may it do ye, my bonny man. I trow ye didna get sic a skirl-in-the-pan as that at Niel Blane's. His wife was a canny body, and could dress things very weel for ane in her line o' business, but no like a gentleman's housekeeper, to be sure. But I doubt the daughter's a silly thing—an unco cockernony she had busked on her head at the kirk last Sunday. I am doubting that there will be news o' a' thae braws. But my auld een's drawing thegither—dinna hurry yoursel, my bonny man, take mind about the putting out the candle, and there's a horn of ale, and a glass of clow-gillieflower water;

I dinna gi'e ilka body that; I keep it for a pain I hae whiles in my ain stamach, and it's better for your young blood than brandy. Sae, gude-night to ye, Mr Henry, and see that ye take gude care o' the candle."

Morton promised to attend punctually to her caution, and requested her not to be alarmed if she heard the door opened, as she knew he must again, as usual, look to his horse, and arrange him for the night. Mrs Wilson then retreated, and Morton, folding up his provisions, was about to hasten to his guest, when the noddling head of the old housekeeper was again thrust in at the door, with an admonition, to remember to take an account of his ways before he laid himself down to rest, and to pray for protection during the hours of darkness. Such were the manners of a certain class of domestics, once common in Scotland, and perhaps still to be found in some old manor houses in its remote counties. They were fixtures in the family they belonged to; and as they

never conceived the possibility of such a thing as dismission to be within the chances of their lives, they were, of course, sincerely attached to every member of it. On the other hand, when spoiled by the indulgence or indolence of their superiors, they were very apt to become ill-tempered, self-sufficient, and tyrannical; so much so, that a mistress or master would sometimes almost have wished to exchange their cross-grained fidelity for the smooth and accommodating duplicity of a modern menial.

CHAPTER VI.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume.

SHAKSPEARE.

BEING at length rid of the housekeeper's presence, Morton made a collection of what he had reserved from the provisions set before him, and prepared to carry them to his concealed guest. He did not think it necessary to take a light, being perfectly acquainted with every turn of the road; and it was lucky he did not do so, for he had hardly stepped beyond the threshold ere a heavy trampling of horses announced, that the body of cavalry, whose kettle-drums they had before heard, were in the act of passing along the high-road

which winds round the foot of the bank on which the house of Milnwood was placed. He heard the commanding officer distinctly give the word *halt.* A pause of silence followed, interrupted only by the occasional neighing or pawing of an impatient charger.

"Whose house is this?" said a voice in a tone of authority and command.

"Milnwood, if it like your honour," was the reply.

"Is the owner well affected?" said the enquirer.

"He complies with the orders of government, and frequents an indulged minister," was the response.

"Hum! ay! Indulged? a mere mask for treason, very impolitically allowed to those who are too great cowards to wear their principles barefaced. Had we not better send up a party and search the house, in case some of the bloody villains concerned in this heathenish butchery may be concealed in it?"

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, " I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac old man, who never meddles with politics, and loves his money-bags and bonds better than any thing else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappin-schaw to-day, and gained the popinjay, which does not look like a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

" Well," rejoined the leader, " if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away. Gentlemen of the Life Guards, forward—March."

A few notes on the trumpet, mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drum, to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its

march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded, and shewed indistinctly the glittering of the steel-caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued to advance up the hill, and sweep over the top of it in such long succession, as intimated a considerable numerical force.

When the last of them had disappeared, young Morton resumed his purpose of visiting his guest. Upon entering the place of refuge, he found him seated on his humble couch with a pocket-bible open in his hand, which he seemed to study with intense meditation. His broadsword, which he had unsheathed in the first alarm at the arrival of the dragoons, lay naked across his knees, and the little taper that stood beside him upon the old chest, which served the purpose of a table, threw a partial and imperfect light upon those stern and harsh features, in which fero-

city was rendered more solemn and dignified by a wild cast of tragic enthusiasm. His brow was that of one in whom some strong o'er-mastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them. He raised his head, after Morton had contemplated him for about a minute.

"I perceive," said Morton, looking at his sword, "that you heard the horsemen ride by; their passage delayed me for some minutes."

"I scarcely heeded them," said Balfour; "my hour is not yet come. That I shall one day fall into their hands, and be honourably associated with the saints whom they have slaughtered, I am full well aware. And I would, young man, that the hour were come; it should be as welcome to me as ever wedding to

bridegroom. But if my Master has more work for me on earth, I must not do his labour grudgingly."

"Eat and refresh yourself," said Morton; "to-morrow your safety requires you should leave this place, in order to gain the hills, so soon as you can see to distinguish the track through the morasses."

"Young man," returned Balfour, "you are already weary of me, and would be yet more so, perchance, did you know the task upon which I have been lately put. And I wonder not that it should be so, for there are times when I am weary of myself. Think you not it is a sore trial for flesh and blood to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven while we are yet in the body, and retain that blinded sense and sympathy for carnal suffering which makes our own flesh thrill when we strike a gash upon the body of another? And think you, that when some prime tyrant has been removed from his

place, that the instruments of his punishment can at all times look back on their share in his downfall with firm and unshaken nerves? Must they not sometimes question even the truth of that inspiration which they have felt and acted under? Must they not sometimes doubt the origin of that strong impulse with which their prayers for heavenly direction under difficulties have been inwardly answered and confirmed, and confuse, in their disturbed apprehensions, the responses of Truth itself with some strong delusion of the enemy?"

"These are subjects, Mr Balfour, on which I am ill qualified to converse with you," answered Morton; "but I own I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity, which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct."

Balfour seemed somewhat disturbed, and drew himself hastily up, but immediately composed himself, and answered coolly, "It is natural you should think so; you are yet in the dungeon-house of the law, a pit darker than that into which Jeremiah was plunged, even the dungeon of Malcaiah the son of Hamelmelech, where there was no water but mire. Yet is the seal of the covenant upon your forehead, and the son of the righteous, who resisted to blood where the banner was spread on the mountains, shall not be utterly lost as one of the children of darkness. Trow ye, that in this day of bitterness and calamity, nothing is required at our hands but to keep the moral law as far as our carnal frailty will permit? Think ye our conquests must be only over our corrupt and evil affections and passions? No; we are called upon when we have girded up our loins to run the race boldly, and when we have drawn the sword, we are enjoined to smite the ungodly, though he be our

neighbour, and the man of power and cruelty, though he were of our own kindred and the friend of our bosom."

"These are the sentiments," said Morton, "that your enemies impute to you, and which palliate, if they do not exculpate, the cruel measures which the council have directed against you. They affirm, that you pretend to inward light, rejecting the restraints of legal magistracy, of national law, and even of common humanity, when in opposition to what you call the spirit within you."

"They do us wrong," answered the Covenanter; "it is they, perjured as they are, who have rejected all law, both divine and civil, and who now persecute us for adherence to the solemn league and covenant between God and the kingdom of Scotland, to which all of them have sworn in former days, save a few popish malignants, and which they now burn in the market-places and tread under foot in derision. When this Charles Stuart return-

ed to these kingdoms, did the malignants bring him back? They had tried it with strong hand, but they failed, I trow. Could James Grahame of Montrose and his Highland catterans have put him again in the place of his father? I think their heads on the Westport told another tale for many a long day. It was the workers of the glorious work—the reformers of the beauty of the tabernacle, that called him again to the high place from which his father fell. And what has been our reward? In the words of the prophet, 'We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble—The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and all that is in it.'"

"Mr Balfour," answered Morton, "I neither undertake to subscribe to or refute your complaints against the govern-

ment. I have endeavoured to repay a debt due to the comrade of my father, by giving you shelter in your distress, but you will excuse my engaging myself either in your cause, or in controversy. I will leave you to repose, and heartily wish it were in my power to render your condition more comfortable."

"But I shall see you, I trust, in the morning, ere I depart?—I am not a man whose bowels yearn after kindred and friends of this world. When I put my hand to the plough, I entered into a covenant with my worldly affections that I should not look back on the things I left behind me. Yet the son of mine ancient comrade is to me as mine own, and I cannot behold him without the deep and firm belief, that I shall one day see him gird on his sword in the dear and precious cause for which his father fought and bled."

With a promise on Morton's part that

he would call the refugee when it was time for him to pursue his journey, they parted for the night.

Morton retired to a few hours rest; but his imagination, disturbed by the events of the day, did not permit him to enjoy sound repose. There was a blended vision of horror before him in which his new friend seemed to be a principal actor. The fair form of Edith Bellenden also mingled in his dream, weeping, and with dishevelled hair, and appearing to call on him for comfort and assistance which he had it not in his power to render. He awoke from these unrefreshing slumbers with a feverish impulse, and a heart which foreboded disaster. There was already a tinge of dazzling lustre on the verge of the distant hills, and the dawn was abroad in all the freshness of a summer morning.

"I have slept too long," he exclaimed to himself, "and must now hasten to forward the journey of this unfortunate fugitive."

He dressed himself as fast as possible, opened the door of the house with as little noise as he could, and hastened to the place of refuge occupied by the Covenanter. Morton entered on tiptoe, for the determined tone and manner, as well as the unusual language and sentiments of this singular individual, had struck him with a sensation approaching to awe. Balfour was still asleep. A ray of light streamed on his uncurtained couch, and shewed to Morton the working of his harsh features, which seemed agitated by some strong internal cause of disturbance. He had not undressed. Both his arms were above the bed-cover, the right hand strongly clenched, and occasionally making that abortive attempt to strike which usually attends dreams of violence; the left was extended, and agitated, from time to time, by a movement as if repulsing some one. The perspiration stood on his brow, "like bubbles in a late disturbed stream," and these marks of emotion were accompanied with broken

words which escaped from him at intervals —"Thou art taken, Judas—thou art taken —Cling not to my knees—cling not to my knees—hew him down—a priest? Ay, a priest of Baal to be bound and slain, even at the brook Kishon—Fire-arms will not prevail against him—Strike—thrust with the cold iron—put him out of pain—put him out of pain, were it but for the sake of his grey hairs."

Much alarmed at the import of these expressions, which seemed to burst from him even in sleep with the stern energy accompanying the perpetration of some act of violence, Morton shook his guest by the shoulder in order to wake him. The first words he uttered were, "Bear me where ye will, I will avouch the deed."

His glance around having then fully awakened him, he at once assumed all the stern and gloomy composure of his ordinary manner, and throwing himself on his knees before speaking to Morton, poured forth an ejaculatory prayer for the suffer-

ing Church of Scotland, entreating that the blood of her murdered saints and martyrs might be precious in the sight of Heaven, and that the shield of the Almighty might be spread over the scattered remnant, who, for His name's sake, were abiders in the wilderness. Vengeance—speedy and ample vengeance on the oppressors, was the concluding petition of his devotions, which he expressed aloud in strong and emphatic language, rendered more impressive by the orientalism of Scripture.

When he had finished his prayer he arose, and, taking Morton by the arm, they descended together to the stable, where the Wanderer, to give Burley a title which was often conferred on his sect, began to make his horse ready to pursue his journey. When the animal was saddled and bridled, Burley requested Morton to walk with him a gun-shot into the wood, and put him upon the right road for gaining the moors. Morton readily com-

plied, and they walked for some time in silence under the shade of some fine old trees, pursuing a sort of natural path, which, after passing through woodland for about half a mile, led into the bare and wild country which extends to the foot of the hills.

At length Burley suddenly asked Morton, "Whether the words he had spoken over-night had borne fruit in his mind?"

Morton answered, "That he remained of the same opinion which he had formerly held, and was determined, at least as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject."

"In other words," replied Burley, "you are desirous to serve both God and Mammon—to be one day professing the truth with your lips, and the next day in arms, at the command of carnal and tyrannic authority, to shed the blood of those who for the truth have forsaken all things?

Think ye," he continued, " to touch pitch and remain undefiled? to mix in the ranks of malignants, papists, papa-prelatists, latitudinarians, and scoffers; to partake of their sports, which are like the meals offered unto idols; to hold intercourse, perchance, with their daughters, as the sons of God with the daughters of men in the world before the flood, and yet to remain free from pollution? I say unto you, that all communication with the enemies of the Church is the accursed thing which God hateth! Touch not — taste not — handle not! And grieve not, young man, as if you alone were called upon to subdue your carnal affections, and renounce the pleasures which are a snare to your feet—I say to you, that the son of David hath denounced no better lot on the whole generation of mankind."

He then mounted his horse, and, turning to Morton, repeated the text of Scripture, " An heavy yoke was ordained for the sons of Adam from the day they go out of

their mother's womb till the day that they return to the mother of all things; from him who is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, even to him who weareth simple linen, wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, rigour, strife, and fear of death in the time of rest."

Having uttered these words he set his horse into motion, and soon disappeared among the boughs of the forest.

"Farewell, stern enthusiast," said Morton, looking after him; "in some moods of my mind, how dangerous would be the society of such a companion!" If I am unmoved by his zeal for abstract doctrines of faith, or rather for a peculiar mode of worship, (such was the purport of his reflections,) can I be a man, and a Scotchman, and look with indifference on that persecution which has made wise men mad? Was not the cause of freedom, civil and religious, that for which my father fought, and shall I do well to remain inactive, or to take the part of an oppres-

sive government, if there should appear any rational prospect of redressing the insufferable wrongs to which my miserable countrymen are subjected?—And yet who shall warrant me that these people, rendered wild by persecution, would not, in the hour of victory, be as cruel and as intolerant as those by whom they are now hunted down? What degree of moderation, or of mercy, can be expected from this Burley, so distinguished as one of their principal champions, and who seems even now to be reeking from some recent deed of violence, and to feel stings of remorse, which even his enthusiasm cannot altogether stifle? I am weary of seeing nothing but violence and fury around me—now assuming the mask of lawful authority, now taking that of religious zeal—I am sick of my country—of myself—of my dependent situation—of my repressed feelings—of these woods—of that river—of that house—of all but Edith, and she can never be mine. Why should I haunt her

walks?—Why encourage my own delusion and perhaps hers?—she never can be mine. Her mother's pride—the opposite principles of our families—my wretched state of dependence—a poor miserable slave, for I have not even the wages of a servant—all circumstances give the lie to the vain hope that we can ever be united. Why then protract a delusion so painful?

"But I am no slave," he said aloud, and drawing himself up to his full stature—"no slave, in one respect, surely. I can change my abode—my father's sword is mine, and Europe lies open before me, as before him and hundreds besides of my countrymen who have filled it with the fame of their exploits. Perhaps some lucky chance may raise me to a rank with our Ruthvens, our Lesleys, our Monroes, the chosen leaders of the famous Protestant champion, or, if not, a soldier's life or a soldier's grave."

When he had formed this determination, he found himself near the door of his un-

cle's house, and resolved to lose no time in making him acquainted with it.

"Another glance of Edith's eye, another walk by Edith's side, and my resolution would melt away. I will take an irrevocable step, and then see her for the last time."

In this mood he entered the wainscotted parlour in which his uncle was already placed at his morning's refreshment, a huge plate of oatmeal porridge, with a corresponding allowance of butter-milk. The favourite housekeeper was in attendance, half standing half resting on the back of a chair, in a posture betwixt freedom and respect. The old gentleman had been remarkably tall in his earlier days, an advantage which he now lost by stooping to such a degree, that at a meeting, where there was some dispute concerning the sort of arch which should be thrown over a considerable brook, a facetious neighbour proposed to offer Milnwood a handsome sum for his curved backbone, alle-

ging that he would sell any thing that belonged to him. Splay feet of unusual size, long thin hands, garnished with nails which seldom felt the steel, a wrinkled and puckered visage, the length of which corresponded with that of his person, together with a pair of little sharp bargain-making grey eyes, that seemed eternally looking out for their advantage, completed the highly unpromising exterior of Mr Morton of Milnwood. As it would have been very injudicious to have lodged a liberal or benevolent disposition in such an unworthy cabinet, nature had suited his person with a mind exactly in conformity with it, that is to say, mean, selfish, and covetous.

When this amiable personage was aware of the presence of his nephew, he hastened, before addressing him, to swallow the spoonful of porridge which he was in the act of conveying to his mouth, and, as it chanced to be scalding hot, the pain occasioned by its descent down his throat and

into his stomach, inflamed the ill humour with which he was already prepared to meet his kinsman.

"The de'il take them that made them," was his first ejaculation, apostrophizing his mess of porridge.

"They're gude parritch eneugh," said Mrs Wilson, "if ye wad but take time to them. I made them mysel; but if folk winna hae patience, they should get their thrapples causewayed."

"Haud your peace, Alison, I was speaking to my nevoy.—How is this, sir? And what sort o' scampering gates are these o' going on? Ye were not at hame last night till near midnight."

"Thereabouts, sir, I believe," answered Morton, in an indifferent tone.

"Thereabouts, sir?—What sort of an answer is that, sir? Why came ye na hame when other folk left the grund?"

"I suppose you know the reason very well, sir," said Morton; "I had the fortune to be the best marksman of the day,

and remained, as is usual, to give some little entertainment to the other young men."

"The deevil ye did, sir! And ye come to tell me that to my face? You pretend to gi'e entertainments, that canna come by a dinner except by sorning on a carefu' man like me? But if ye put me to charges, I'se work it out o' ye. I see na why ye shouldna haud the pleugh, now that the pleughman has left us; it wad set ye better than wearing thae green duds, and wasting your siller on powther and lead; it wad put ye in an honest calling, and wad keep ye in bread without being uphauden to ony ane."

"I am very ambitious of learning such a calling, sir, but I don't understand driving the plough."

"And what for no? It's easier than your gunning and archery that ye like sae weel. Auld Davie is ca'ing it e'en now, and ye may be goadsman for the first twa or three days, and tak tent ye dinna o'er-drive the owsen, and then ye will be

fit to gang between the stilts. Ye'll ne'er learn younger, I'll be your caution—Haggie-holm is heavy land, and Davie is ower auld to keep the coulter down now."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I have formed a scheme for myself, which will have the same effect of relieving you of the burden and charge attending my company."

"Ay? Indeed? a scheme o' yours? that must be a dennty ane!" said the uncle, with a very peculiar sneer; "let's hear about it, lad."

"It is said in two words, sir. I intend to leave this country, and serve abroad, as my father did before these unhappy troubles broke out at home. His name will not be so entirely forgotten in the countries where he served but that it will procure his son at least the opportunity of trying his fortune as a soldier."

"Gude be gracious to us!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "our young Mr Harry

gang abroad?—na, na! eh, na! that maun never be."

Milnwood entertaining no thought or purpose of parting with his nephew, who was, moreover, very useful to him in many respects, was thunderstruck at this abrupt declaration of independence from a person whose deference to him had hitherto been unlimited. He recovered himself, however, immediately.

"And wha do you think is to give you the means, young man, for such a wild-goose chase? Not I, I am sure. I can hardly support you at hame. And ye wad be marrying, I'se warrant, as your father did afore ye, too, and sending your uncle hame a pack o' weans to be fighting and skirling through the house in my auld days, and to take wing and flee aff like yoursel, whenever they were asked to serve a turn about the town."

"I have no thoughts of ever marrying," answered Henry.

"Hear till him now!" said the house-

keeper. "It's a shame to hear a douce young lad speak in that way, since a' the warld kens that they maun either marry or do waur."

"Haud your peace, Alison," said her master; "and you, Harry, put this nonsense out o' your head—this comes o' letting ye gang a sodgering for a day—mind ye hae nae siller, lad, for ony sic nonsense plans."

"I beg your pardon, sir, my wants shall be very few; and would you please to give me the gold chain which the Margrave gave to my father after the battle of Lutzen"——

"Mercy on us! the gowd chain?" exclaimed his uncle.

"The chain of gowd!" re-echoed the housekeeper, both aghast with astonishment at the audacity of the proposal.

"I will keep a few links to remind me of him by whom it was won, and the place where he won it," continued Morton; "the rest shall furnish me the means of

following the same career in which my father obtained that mark of distinction."

"Mercifu' powers!" said the governante, "my master wears it every Sunday."

"Sunday and Saturday," added old Milnwood, "whenever I put on my black velvet coat; and Wylie Mactrickit is partly of opinion it's a kind of heir-loom, that rather belangs to the head of the house than to the immediate descendant. It has three thousand links; I have counted them a thousand times. It's worth three hundred pounds sterling."

"That is more than I want, sir; if you choose to give me the third part of the money, and five links of the chain, it will amply serve my purpose, and the rest will be some slight atonement for the expence and trouble I have put you to."

"The laddie's in a creel!" exclaimed his uncle. "O, sirs, what will come o' the rigs o' Milnwood when I am dead and gane! He would fling the crown of Scotland awa, if he had it."

"Hout, sir," said the old housekeeper, "I maun e'en say it's partly your ain faut. Ye mauna curb his head ower sair in neither; and, to be sure, since he *has* gane doun to the Howff, ye maun just e'en pay the lawing."

"If it be not abune twa dollars, Alison," said the old gentleman, very reluctantly.

"I'll settle it mysel wi' Niel Blane, the first time I gang down to the clachan," said Alison, "cheaper than your honour or Mr Harry can do;" and then whispered to Harry, "dinna vex him ony mair, I'll pay the lave out o' the butter siller, and nae mair words about it." Then proceeding aloud, "And ye mauna speak o' the young gentleman hauding the pleugh; there's puir distressed whigs enow about the country will be glad to do that for a bite and a soup—it sets them far better than the like o' him."

"And then we'll hae the dragoons on us," said Milnwood, "for comforting and

entertaining intercommuned rebels, a bonny strait ye wad put us in!—But take your breakfast, Harry, and then lay by your new green coat, and put on your Raploch grey; it's a mair mensefu' and thrifty dress, and a mair seemly sight, than thae dangling slops and ribbands."

Morton left the room, perceiving plainly that he had at present no chance of gaining his purpose, and, perhaps, not altogether displeased at the obstacles which seemed to present themselves to his leaving the neighbourhood of Tillietudlem. The housekeeper followed him into the next room, patting him on the back, and bidding him be a gude bairn, and pit by his braw things.

"And I'll loop doun your hat, and lay by the band and ribband," said the officious dame; "and ye maun never, at no hand, speak o' leaving the land, or of selling the gowd chain, for your uncle has an unco pleasure in looking on you, and in counting the links of the chainzie; and ye

ken auld folk canna last for ever; sae the chain, and the lands, and a', will be your ain ae day; and ye may marry ony leddy in the country side ye like, and keep a braw house at Milnwood, for there's enow of means; and is not that worth waiting for, my dow?"

There was something in the latter part of the prognostic which sounded so agreeably in the ears of Morton, that he shook the old dame cordially by the hand, and assured her he was much obliged by her good advice, and would weigh it carefully before he proceeded to act upon his former resolution.

CHAPTER VII.

From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week.

As you like it.

We must conduct our readers to the Tower of Tillietudlem, to which Lady Margaret Bellenden had returned, in romantic phrase, malcontent and full of heaviness, at the unexpected, and, as she deemed it, indelible affront, which had been brought upon her dignity by the public miscarriage of Goose Gibbie. That unfortunate man-at-arms was forthwith commanded to drive his feathered charge to the most remote parts of the common moor, and on no account to awaken the

grief or resentment of his lady, by appearing in her presence while the sense of the affront was yet recent.

The next proceeding of Lady Margaret was to hold a solemn court of justice, to which Harrison and the butler were admitted, partly on the footing of witnesses, partly as assessors, to enquire into the recusancy of Cuddie Headrigg the ploughman, and the comfort and abetment which he had received from his mother, these being regarded as the original causes of the disaster which had befallen the chivalry of Tillietudlem. The charge being fully made out and substantiated, Lady Margaret resolved to reprimand the culprits in person, and, if she found them impenitent, to extend the censure into a sentence of expulsion from the barony. Miss Bellenden alone ventured to say any thing in behalf of the accused, but her countenance did not profit them as it might have done on any other occasion. For so soon as Edith had heard it ascertained that the

unfortunate cavalier had not suffered in his person, his disaster had affected her with an irresistible disposition to laugh, which, in spite of Lady Margaret's indignation, or rather irritated, as usual, by restraint, had broke out repeatedly on her return homeward, until her grandmother, in no shape imposed upon by the several fictitious causes which the young lady assigned for her ill-timed risibility, upbraided her in very bitter terms with being insensible to the honour of her family. Miss Bellenden's intercession, therefore, had, on this occasion, little chance to be listened to.

As if to evince the rigour of her disposition, Lady Margaret, upon this solemn occasion, exchanged the ivory-headed cane with which she commonly walked, for an immense gold-headed staff which had belonged to her father, the deceased Earl of Torwood, and which, like a sort of mace of office, she only made use of upon occasions of special solemnity. Supported by this awful baton of command, Lady Mar-

garet Bellenden entered the cottage of the delinquents.

There was an air of consciousness about old Mause, as she rose from her wicker chair in the chimney-nook, not with the cordial alertness of visage which used, on other occasions, to express the honour she felt in the visit of her lady, but with a certain solemnity and embarrassment, like an accused party on his first appearance in presence of his judge, before whom he is, nevertheless, determined to assert his innocence. Her arms were folded, her mouth primmed into an expression of respect, mingled with obstinacy, her whole mind apparently bent up to the solemn interview. With her best curtsey to the ground, and a mute motion of reverence, Mause pointed to the chair, which, on former occasions, Lady Margaret (for the good lady was somewhat of a gossip) had deigned to occupy for half an hour sometimes at a time, hearing the news of the county and of the borough. But at present her mistress was far too indignant

for such condescension. She rejected the mute invitation with a haughty wave of her hand, and drawing herself up as she spoke, she uttered the following interrogatory in a tone calculated to overwhelm the culprit.

"Is it true, Mause, as I am informed by Harrison, Gudyill, and others of my people, that you ha'e ta'en it upon you, contrary to the faith ye owe to God and the king, and to me, your natural lady and mistress, to keep back your son frae the wappen-schaw, held by the order of the sheriff, and to return his armour and abuilyiements at a moment when it was impossible to find a suitable delegate in his stead, whereby the barony of Tillietudlem, baith in the person of its mistress and indwellers, has incurred sic a disgrace and dishonour as hasna befa'en the family since the days of Malcolm Canmore?"

Mause's habitual respect for her mistress was extreme; she hesitated, and one or

two short coughs expressed the difficulty she had in defending herself.

"I am sure—my leddy—hem, hem!—I am sure I am sorry—very sorry that ony cause of displeasure should hae occurred—but my son's illness"—

"Dinna tell me of your son's illness, Mause! Had he been sincerely unweel, ye would ha'e been at the Tower wi' daylight to get something that wad do him gude; there are few ailments that I have na medical recipes for, and that ye ken fu' weel."

"O ay, my leddy! I am sure ye hae wrought wonderfu' cures; the last thing ye sent Cuddie when he had the batts, e'en wrought like a charm."

"Why, then, woman, did ye not apply to me, if there was ony real need?—But there was none, ye fause-hearted vassal that ye are!"

"Your leddyship never ca'd me sic a word as that before. Ohon! that I suld

live to be ca'd sae," she continued, bursting into tears, "and me a born servant o' the house o' Tillietudlem! I am sure they belie baith Cuddie and me sair if they said he wad na' fight ower boots in blude for your leddyship and Miss Edith, and the auld Tower—ay suld he, and I would rather see him buried beneath it, than he suld gi'e way—but thir ridings and wappen-shawings, my leddy, I hae nae broo o' them ava. I can find nae warrant for them whatsoever."

"Nae warrant for them? Do ye na ken, woman, that ye are bound to be liege vassals in all hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, when lawfully summoned thereto in my name? Your service is no gratuitous. I trow ye hae land for it.—Ye're kindly tenants; hae a cot-house, a kale-yard, and a cow's grass on the common.—Few hae been brought farther ben, and ye grudge your son suld gi'e me a day's service in the field?"

"Na, my leddy—na, my leddy, it's no

that", exclaimed Mause, greatly embarrassed, "but ane canna serve twa maisters; and, if the truth maun e'en come out, there's Ane abune whase commands I maun obey before your leddyship's. I am sure I wad put neither king's nor kaisar's, nor ony earthly creature's, afore them."

"How mean ye by that, ye auld fule woman?—D'ye think that I order ony thing against your conscience?"

"I dinna pretend to say that, my leddy, in regard o' your leddyship's conscience, which has been brought up, as it were, wi' prelatic principles, but ilka ane maun walk by the light o' their ain; and mine," said Mause, waxing bolder as the conference became animated, "tells me that I suld leave a',—cot, kale-yard, and cow's grass,—and suffer a', rather than that I or mine should put on harness in an unlawfu' cause."

"Unlawfu'?" exclaimed her mistress; "the cause to which you are called by your lawfu' leddy and mistress—by the

command of the king—by the writ of the privy council—by the order of the lord-lieutenant—by the warrant of the sheriff!"

"Ay, my leddy, nae doubt; but, no to displeasure your leddyship, ye'll mind that there was ance a king in Scripture they ca'd Nebuchadnezzar, and he set up a golden image in the plain o' Dura, as it might be in the haugh yonder by the water-side, where the array were warned to meet yesterday; and the princes, and the governors, and the captains, and the judges themsels, forbye the treasurers, the counsellors, and the sheriffs, were warned to the dedication thereof, and commanded to fall down and worship at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music."

"And what o' a' this, ye fule wife? Or what has Nebuchadnezzar to do with the wappen-schaw of the Upper Ward of Clydesdale?"

"Only just thus far, my leddy," continued

Mause, firmly, "that prelacy is like the great golden image in the plain of Dura, and that as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were borne out in refusing to bow down and worship, so neither shall Cuddy Headrigg, your leddyship's poor ploughman, at least wi' his auld mither's consent, make murgeons or jenny-flections, as they ca' them, in the house of the prelates and curates, nor gird him wi' armour to fight in their cause, either at the sound of kettle-drums, organs, bagpipes, or ony other kind of music whatever."

Lady Margaret Bellenden heard this exposition of Scripture with the greatest possible indignation as well as surprise.

"I see which way the wind blaws," she exclaimed, after a pause of astonishment; "the evil spirit of the year sixteen hundred and forty-twa is at wark again as merrily as ever, and ilka auld wife in the chimley-neuck will be for knapping doctrine wi' doctors o' divinity and the godly fathers o' the church."

"If your leddyship means the bishops and curates, I'm sure they hae been but stepfathers to the Kirk o' Scotland. And, since your leddyship is pleased to speak o' parting wi' us, I am free to tell you a piece o' my mind in another article. Your leddyship and the steward hae been pleased to propose that my son Cuddy suld work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine* for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling-hill. Now, my leddy"——

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* Probably something similar to the barn-fanners now used for winnowing corn, which were not, however, used in their present shape until about 1730. They were objected to by the more rigid sectaries on their first introduction, upon such reasoning as that of honest Mause, in the text.

"The woman would drive ony reasonable being daft!" said Lady Margaret; then, resuming her tone of authority and indifference, she concluded, "Weel, Mause, I'll just end where I suld hae began—ye're ower learned and ower godly for me to dispute wi'; sae I have just this to say, either Cuddy must attend musters when he's lawfully warned by the ground-officer, or the sooner him and you flit and quit my bounds the better; there's nae scarcity o' auld wives or ploughmen; but, if there were, I had rather that the rigs of Tillietudlem bare naething but windle-straes and sandy-lavrocks than they were ploughed by rebels to the king."

"Aweel, my leddy," said Mause, "I was born here, and thought to die where my father died; and your leddyship has been a kind mistress, I'll ne'er deny that, and I'se ne'er cease to pray for ye, and for Miss Edith, and that ye may be brought to see the error of your ways. But still"——

"The error of my ways," interrupted

Lady Margaret—" The error of *my* ways, ye uncivil woman?"

" Ou ay, my leddy, we are blinded that live in this valley of tears and darkness, and hae a' ower mony errors, grit folks as weel as sma—but, as I said, my puir bennison will rest wi' you and yours wherever I am. I will be wae to hear o' your affliction, and blythe to hear o' your prosperity, temporal and spiritual. But I canna prefer the commands of an earthly mistress to those of a heavenly master, and sae I am e'en ready to suffer for righteousness sake."

" It is very well," said Lady Margaret, turning her back in great displeasure; " ye ken my will, Mause, in the matter. I'll hae nae whiggery in the barony of Tillietudlem—the next thing wad be to set up a conventicle in my very withdrawing room."

Having said this, she departed with an air of great dignity; and Mause, giving way to feelings which she had suppressed du-

ring the interview,—for she, like her mistress, had her own feeling of pride,—now lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Cuddie, whose malady, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay perdue during all this conference, snugly ensconced within his boarded bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should have detected his presence, and bestowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. As soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest.

"The foul fa' ye, that I suld say sae," he cried out to his mother, "for a lang-tongued wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca'd ye! Couldna ye let the leddy alane wi' your whiggery? And I was e'en as great a gomeril to let you persuade me to lie up here amang the blankets like a hurcheon, instead o' gaun to the wappenschaw like other folk. Odd, but I pat a

trick on ye, for I was out at the window-bole when your auld back was turned, and awa' down by to hae a baff at the popinjay, and I shot within twa o't. I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wasna gaun to cheat my joe. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I'm clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got frae Mr Gudyill when ye garr'd me refuse to eat the plumb-parridge on Yule-eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a ploughman lad supped on minched pies or sour sowens."

"O, whisht, my bairn, whisht," replied Mause; "thou kens nae about thae things —It was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of protestant Christians."

"And now," continued her son, "ye hae brought the leddy hersel on our hands!— An' I could but hae gotten some decent claes on, I wad hae spanged out o' bed, and tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or day, an' she wad but leave us the

free house and the yaird that grew the best early kale in the hail country, and the cow's grass."

"O wow! my winsome bairn, Cuddie," continued the old dame, "murmur not at the dispensation; never grudge suffering in the gude cause."

"But what ken I if the cause is gude or no, mother," rejoined Cuddie, "for a' ye bleeze out sae muckle doctrine about it? It's clean beyond my comprehension a' thegither. I see nae sae muckle difference atween the twa ways o't as a' the folk pretend. It's very true the curates read aye the same words ower again; and if they be right words, what for no? A gude tale's no the waur o' being twice tauld, I trow; and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Every body's no sae gleg at the uptake as ye are yoursel, mither."

"O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a'—O, how aften hae I shewn ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine and ane that's corrupt wi'

human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul's sake, yet for my grey hairs'——

"Weel, mither," said Cuddie, interrupting her, "what need ye mak sae muckle din about it? I hae aye dune whate'er ye bade me, and gaed to kirk whare'er ye likit on the Sundays, and fended weel for ye on the ilka days besides. And that's what vexes me mair than a' the rest, when I think how I am to fend for you now in thae brickle times. I am no clear if I can plough ony place but the Mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors daur tak us after being turned aff thae bounds for non-enormity."

"Non-conformity, hinnie," sighed Mause, "is the name that thae warldly men gi'e us."

"Weel, aweel—we'll hae to gang to a far country, maybe twal or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, I can

ride and play wi' the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs. (Here Mause's exclamations became extreme.) "Weel, weel, I but spoke o't; besides ye're ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage-waggon wi' Eppie Dumblane the corporal's wife. Sae what's to come o' us I canna weel see—I doubt I'll hae to tak the hills wi' the wild whigs, as they ca' them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dykeside, or to be sent to Heaven wi' a Saint Johnstone's tippit about my hause."

"O, my bonnie Cuddie, forbear sic carnal, self-seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o' Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread, sae says the text; and your father was a douce honest man, though somewhat warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things e'en like yoursel, my jo!"

"Aweel," said Cuddie, after a little

consideration, "I see but ae gate for't, and that's a cauld coal to blaw at, mither. Howsomever, mither, ye hae some guess o' a wee bit kindness that's atween Miss Edith and young Mr Harry Morton, that suld be ca'd young Milnwood, and that I hae whiles carried a bit book or maybe a bit letter quietly atween them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I kenn'd brawly. There's whiles convenience in looking a wee stupid—and I hae aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood-burn; but naebody ever kenn'd a word about it frae Cuddie; I ken I'm gay thick in the head, but I'm as honest as our auld fore-hand ox, puir fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair—I hope they'll be as kind to him that come ahint me as I hae been.—But, as I was saying, we'll awa down to Milnwood and tell Mr Harry our distress. They want a ploughman, and the grund's no unlike our ain—I am sure Mr Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind-hearted

gentleman.—I'll get but little penny-fee, for his uncle, auld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the de'il himsel. But we'll aye get a bit bread, and a drap kale, and a fire-side, and theeking ower our heads, and that's a' we'll want for a season —Sae get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away, for, since sae it is that gang we maun, I wad like ill to wait till Mr Harrison and auld Gudyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn."

CHAPTER VIII.

The devil a puritan, or any thing else, he is, but a time-server,
Twelfth Night.

It was evening when Mr Harry Morton perceived an old woman, wrapped in her tartan plaid, supported by a stout, stupid-looking fellow, in hoddin-grey, approach the house of Milnwood. Old Mause made her courtesy, but Cuddie took the lead in addressing Morton. Indeed he had previously stipulated with his mother that he was to manage matters his own way; for though he readily allowed his general inferiority of understanding, and submitted to the guidance of his mother on most ordinary occasions, yet he

said, "For getting a service or getting forward in the warld, he could somegate gar the wee pickle sense he had gang muckle farther than hers, though she could crack like ony minister o' them a'."

Accordingly he thus opened the conversation with young Morton,—

"A braw night this for the rye, your honour; the west park will be bearing bravely this e'en."

"I do not doubt it, Cuddie; but what can have brought your mother—this is your mother, is it not?" (Cuddie nodded.) "What can have brought your mother and you down the water so late?"

"Troth, stir, just what gars the auld wives trot—neshessity, stir—I'm seeking for service, stir."

"For service, Cuddie, and at this time of the year? how comes that?"

Mause could forbear no longer. Proud alike of her cause and her sufferings, she commenced with an affected humility of tone, "It has pleased Heaven, an' it like

your honour, to distinguish us by a visitation."—

"De'il's in the wife and nae gude!" whispered Cuddie to his mother; "an ye come out wi' your whiggery they'll no daur open a door to us through the haill country!" Then aloud and addressing Morton, "My mother's auld, stir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradicted, (as I ken naebody likes it if they could help themsels,) especially by her ain folk,—and Mr Harrison the steward, and Gudyill the butler, they're no very fond o' us, and it's ill sitting at Rome and striving wi' the Pope, sae I thought it best to flit before ill came to waur—and here's a wee bit line to your honour frae a friend will maybe say some mair about it."

Morton took the billet, and crimsoning up to the ears, between joy and surprise, read these words, "If you can serve

these poor helpless people, you will oblige E. B."

It was a few instants before he could attain composure enough to ask, "And what is your object, Cuddie? and how can I be of use to you?"

"Wark, stir, wark, and a service is my object—a bit beild for my mother and mysel—we hae gude plenishing o' our ain, if we had the cast o' a cart to bring it down—and milk and meal, and greens enow, for I'm gay gleg at meal time, and sae is my mother, lang may it be sae—And, for the penny-fee and a' that, I'll just leave it to the laird and you. I ken ye'll no see a poor lad wranged, if ye can help it."

Morton shook his head. "For the meat and lodging, Cuddie, I think I can promise something, but the penny-fee will be a hard chapter, I doubt."

"I'll tak my chance o't, stir, rather than gang down about Hamilton, or ony sic far country."

"Well; step into the kitchen, Cuddie, and I'll do what I can for you."

The negotiation was not without difficulties. Morton had first to bring over the housekeeper, who made a thousand objections, as usual, in order to have the pleasure of being besought and entreated; but, when she was gained over, it was comparatively easy to induce old Milnwood to accept of a servant, whose wages were to be in his own option. An outhouse was, therefore, assigned to Mause and her son for their habitation, and it was settled that they were for the time to be admitted to eat of the frugal provisions provided for the family until their own establishment should be completed. As for Morton, he exhausted his own very slender stock of money in order to make Cuddie such a present, under the name of *arles*, as might shew his sense of the value of the recommendation delivered to him.

"And now we're settled ance mair," said Cuddie to his mother, "and if we're

no sae bien and comfortable as we were up yonder, yet life's life ony gate, and we're wi' decent kirk-ganging folk o' your ain persuasion, mother; there will be nae quarrelling about that."

"Of my persuasion, hinnie! waes me for thy blindness and theirs. O, Cuddie, they are but in the court of the Gentiles, and will ne'er win farther ben, I doubt; they are but little better than the prelatists themsels. They wait on the ministry of that blinded man, Peter Poundtext, ance a precious teacher of the Word, but now a backsliding pastor, that has, for the sake of stipend and family maintenance, forsaken the strick path and gone astray after the Black Indulgence. O, my son, had ye but profited by the gospel doctrines ye hae heard in the Glen o' Bengonnar from the dear Richard Rumbleberry, that sweet youth, wha suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket, afore Candlemas! Didna ye hear him say, that Erastianism was as bad as prelacy, and that

the Indulgence was as bad as Erastianism?"

"Heard ever ony body the like o' this," interrupted Cuddie, "we'll be driven out o' house and ha' again afore we ken where to turn oursels. Weel, mother, I hae just ae word mair—An' I hear ony mair o' your din—afore folk, that is, for I dinna mind your clavers mysel, they aye set me sleeping—but if I hear ony mair din afore folk, as I was saying, about Poundtexts and Rumbleberries, and doctrines and malignants, I'se e'en turn a single sodger mysel, or maybe a serjeant or a captain if ye plague me the mair, and let Rumbleberry and you gang to the de'il thegither. I ne'er gat ony gude by his doctrine, as ye ca't, but a gude fit o' the batts wi' sitting amang the wat moss-hags for four hours at a yoking, and the leddy cured me wi' some hickery-pickery, mair by token, an' she had kenn'd how I came by the disorder, she wadna hae been in sic a hurry to cure it."

Although groaning in spirit over the

obdurate and impenitent state, as she thought it, of her son Cuddie, Mause durst neither urge him farther on the topic, nor altogether neglect the warning he had given her. She knew the disposition of her deceased helpmate, whom this surviving pledge of their union greatly resembled, and remembered, that although submitting implicitly in most things to her boast of superior acuteness, he used on certain occasions, when driven to extremity, to be seized with fits of obstinacy which neither remonstrance, flattery, nor threats, were capable of overpowering. Trembling, therefore, at the very possibility of Cuddie's fulfilling his threat, she put a guard over her tongue, and even when Poundtext was commended in her presence, as an able and fructifying preacher, she had the good sense to suppress the contradiction which thrilled upon her tongue, and to express her sentiments no otherwise than by deep groans, which the hearers charitably construed to flow from a vivid recol-

lection of the more pathetic parts of his homilies. How long she could have repressed her feelings it is difficult to say. An unexpected accident relieved her from the necessity.

The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom in his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed the dinner on the table, sate down at the lower end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. Upon the day, therefore, after Cuddie's arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close

observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and pease, and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal housekeeping; but at that period it was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a-week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing, was indulged to the servants at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs Wilson included; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock, (a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk)

and a jar of salt butter, were in common to the company.

To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table the old laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite housekeeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sate old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving-man, rendered cross and cripple by the rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a house-maid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exercitations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs Wilson; a barn-man, a white-headed cow-herd boy, and Cuddie the new ploughman and his mother, completed the party. The other labourers belonging to the property resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could at least eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious, grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity

that each of his dependants swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who was much prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant.

"Pay thee wages, quotha?" said Milnwood to himself. "Thou wilt eat in a week the value of mair than thou canst work for in a month."

These disagreeable ruminations were interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate. It was a universal custom at Scotland, that, when the family was at dinner, the outer-gate of the court-yard, if there

was one, and, if not, the door of the house itself, was always shut and locked, and only guests of importance, or persons upon urgent business, sought or received admittance at that time. The family of Milnwood were therefore surprised, and, in the unsettled state of the times, something alarmed, at the earnest and repeated knocking with which the gate was now assailed. Mrs Wilson ran in person to the door, and, having reconnoitred those who were so clamorous for admittance, through some secret aperture with which most Scottish door-ways were furnished for the express purpose, she returned wringing her hands in great dismay, exclaiming, "The red-coats! the red-coats!"

"Robin—Ploughman—What ca' they ye—Barnsman—Nevoy Harry—open the door, open the door," exclaimed old Milnwood, snatching up and slipping into his pocket the two or three silver spoons with which the upper end of the table was gar-

nished, these beneath the salt being of goodly horn. "Speak them fair, sirs—Lord love ye, speak them fair--they winna bide thrawing—we're a' harried—we're a' harried!"

While the servants admitted the troopers, whose oaths and threats already indicated resentment at the delay they had been put to, Cuddie took the opportunity to whisper to his mother, "Now, ye daft auld carline, mak yoursel deaf—ye hae made us a' deaf ere now—and let me speak for ye. I wad like ill to get my neck raxed for an auld wife's clashes, though ye be our mother."

"O, hinny, ay; I'se be silent or thou sall come to ill," was the corresponding whisper of Mause; "but bethink ye, my dear, them that deny the Word, the Word will deny."—

Her admonition was cut short by the entrance of the Life Guard's-men, a party of four troopers commanded by Bothwell.

In they tramped, making a tremendous clatter upon the stone-floor with the iron-shod heels of their large jack-boots, and the clash and clang of their long, heavy, basket-hilted broadswords. Milnwood and his housekeeper trembled from well-grounded apprehension of the system of exaction and plunder carried on during these domiciliary visits. Henry Morton was discomposed with more special cause, for he remembered that he stood answerable to the laws for having harboured Burley. The widow Mause Headrigg, between fear for her son's life and an over-strained and enthusiastic zeal, which reproached her for consenting even tacitly to belie her religious sentiments, was in a strange quandary. The other servants quaked for they knew not well what. Cuddie alone, with the look of supreme indifference and stupidity which a Scottish peasant can at times assume as a masque for considerable shrewdness and craft, continued to swallow large spoon-

fuls of his broth, to command which, he had drawn within his sphere the large vessel that contained it, and helped himself, amid the confusion, to a sevenfold portion.

"What is your pleasure here, gentlemen?" said Milnwood, humbling himself before the satellites of power.

"We come in behalf of the king," answered Bothwell; "Why the devil did you keep us so long standing at the door?"

"We were at dinner," answered Milnwood, "and the door was locked, as is usual in landward towns in this country. I am sure, gentlemen, if I had kenn'd ony servants of our gude king had stood at the door—But wad ye please to drink some ale—or some brandy—or a cup of canary sack, or claret wine?" making a pause between each offer as long as a stingy bidder at an auction, who is loth to advance his offer for a favourite lot.

"Claret for me," said one fellow.

"I like ale better," said another, "provided it is right juice of John Barleycorn."

"Better never was malted," said Milnwood; "I can hardly say sae muckle for the claret. It's thin and cauld, gentlemen."

"Brandy will cure that," said a third fellow; "a glass of brandy to three glasses of wine prevents the curmurring in the stomach."

"Brandy, ale, wine, sack, and claret,—we'll try them all," said Bothwell, "and stick to that which is best. There's good sense in that, if the damn'dest whig in Scotland had said it."

Hastily, yet with a reluctant quiver of his muscles, Milnwood lugged out two ponderous keys, and delivered them to the governante.

"The housekeeper," said Bothwell, taking a seat and throwing himself upon it, "is neither so young nor so bonny as to tempt a man to follow her to the gauntrees, and devil a one here is there worth sending in her place.—What's this?—

meat?" (searching with a fork among the broth, and fishing up a cutlet of mutton)—"I think I could eat a bit—it's as tough as if the devil's dam had hatched it."

"If there is any thing better in the house, sir," said Milnwood, alarmed at these symptoms of disapprobation——

"No, no," said Bothwell, "it's not worth while, I must proceed to business.—You attend Poundtext, the presbyterian parson, I understand, Mr Morton?"

Mr Morton hastened to slide in a confession and apology.

"By the indulgence of his gracious majesty and the government, for I wad do nothing out of law—I hae nae objection whatever to the establishment of a moderate episcopacy, but only that I am a country-bred man, and the ministers are a hamelier kind of folk, and I can follow their doctrine better; and, with reverence, sir, it's a mair frugal establishment for the country."

"Well, I care nothing about that,"

said Bothwell; "they are indulged, and there's an end of it; but, for my part, if I were to give the law, never a crop-eared cur of the whole pack should bark in a Scotch pulpit. However, I am to obey commands—there comes the liquor; put it down, my good old lady."

He decanted about one half of a quart bottle of claret into a wooden quaigh or bicker, and took it off at a draught.

"You did your good wine injustice, my friend;—it's better than your brandy, though that's good too. Will you pledge me to the king's health?"

"With pleasure," said Milnwood, "in ale, —but I never drink claret, and keep only a very little for some honoured friends."

"Like me, I suppose," said Bothwell; and then, pushing the bottle to Henry, he said, "Here, young man, pledge you the king's health."

Henry filled a moderate glass in silence, regardless of the hints and pushes of his uncle, which seemed to indicate that he

ought to have followed his example in preferring beer to wine.

"Well," said Bothwell, "have ye all drank the toast?—What is that old wife about? Give her a glass of brandy, she shall drink the king's health, by"——

"If your honour pleases," said Cuddie, with great stolidity of aspect, "this is my mother, stir; and she's as deaf as Corralinn; we canna make her hear day nor door; but, if your honour pleases, I am ready to drink the king's health for her in as mony glasses of brandy as ye think necessary."

"I dare swear you are," answered Bothwell, "you look like a fellow that would stick to brandy—help thyself, man; all's free where'er I come.—Tom, help the maid to a comfortable cup, though she's but a dirty jilt neither. Fill round once more—Here's to our noble commander, Colonel Graham of Claverhouse!—What the devil is the old woman groaning for? She looks as very a whig as ever sate on a hill side.

—Do you renounce the Covenant, good woman?"

"Whilk Covenant is your honour meaning? Is it the Covenant of Works, or the Covenant of Grace?" said Cuddie, interposing.

"Any covenant; all covenants that ever were hatched," answered the trooper.

"Mither," cried Cuddie, affecting to speak as to a deaf person, "the gentleman wants to ken if ye will renunce the Covenant of Works."

"With a' my heart, Cuddie," said Mause, "and pray that my feet may be delivered from the snare thereof."

"Come," said Bothwell, "the old dame has come more frankly off than I expected. Another cup round, and then we'll proceed to business.—You have all heard, I suppose, of the horrid and barbarous murder committed upon the person of the Archbishop of St Andrews, by ten or eleven armed fanatics?"

All started and looked at each other;

at length Milnwood himself answered, "They had heard of some such misfortune, but were in hopes it had not been true."

"There is the relation published by government, old gentleman; what do you think of it?"

"Think, sir? Wh—wh—whatever the council please to think of it," stammered Milnwood.

"I desire to have your opinion more explicitly, my friend," said the dragoon authoritatively.

Milnwood's eyes hastily glanced through the paper to pick out the strongest expressions of censure with which it abounded, in gleaning which he was greatly aided by their being printed in italics.

"I think it a—bloody and execrable—murder and parricide—devised by hellish and implacable cruelty—utterly abominable, and a scandal to the land."

"Well said, old gentleman," said the querist—"Here's to thee, and I wish you

joy of your good principles. You owe me a cup of thanks for having taught you them; nay, thou shalt pledge me in thine own sack—sour ale sits ill upon a loyal stomach.—Now comes your turn, young man; what think you of the matter in hand?"

"I should have little objection to answer you, said Henry, "if I knew what right you had to put the question."

"The Lord preserve us!" said the old housekeeper, "to ask the like o' that at a trooper, when a' folk ken they do whatever they like through the hail country wi' man and woman, beast and body."

The old gentleman exclaimed in the same horror at his nephew's audacity, "Hold your peace, sir, or answer the gentleman discreetly. Do you mean to affront the king's authority in the person of a serjeant of the life-guards?"

"Silence, all of you," exclaimed Bothwell, striking his hand fiercely on the table—"Silence, every one of you, and

hear me!—You ask me for my right to examine you, sir; (to Henry) my cockade and my broadsword are my commission, and a better one than ever Old Nol gave to his round-heads; and if you want to know more about it, you may look at the act of council empowering his majesty's officers and soldiers to search for, examine, and apprehend suspicious persons; and, therefore, once more I ask you your opinion of the death of Archbishop Sharpe —it's a new touchstone we have got for trying people's metal."

Henry had, by this time, reflected upon the useless risk to which he would expose the family by resisting the tyrannical power which was delegated to such rude hands; he therefore read the narrative over, and replied, composedly, "I have no hesitation to say, that the perpetrators of this assassination have committed, in my opinion, a rash and wicked action, which I regret the more, as I foresee it will be made the

cause of proceedings against many who are both innocent of the deed, and as far from approving it as myself."

While Henry thus expressed himself, Bothwell, who bent his eyes keenly upon him, seemed suddenly to recollect his features.

"Aha! my friend Captain Popinjay, I think I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company."

"I saw you once," answered Henry, "in the public-house at the town of ——."

"And with whom did you leave that public-house, youngster? — Was it not with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?"

"I did leave the house with the person you have named," answered Henry, "I scorn to deny it; but, so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed."

"Lord have mercy on me, I am ruined!—utterly ruined and undone!" ex-

claimed Milnwood. "That callant's tongue will rin the head aff his ain shoulders, and waste my gudes to the very grey cloak on my back."

"But you know Burley," continued Bothwell, still addressing Henry, and regardless of his uncle's interruption, "to be an intercommuned rebel and traitor, and you knew the prohibition to deal with such persons. You knew, that, as a loyal subject, you were prohibited to reset, supply, or intercommune with this attainted traitor, to correspond with him by word, writ, or message, or to supply him with meat, drink, house, harbour, or victual, under the highest pains—You knew all this, and yet you broke the law." (Henry was silent.) "Where did you part from him?" continued Bothwell; "was it in the highway, or did you give him harbourage in this very house?"

"In this house!" said his uncle, "he dared not for his neck bring ony traitor into a house of mine."

"Dare he deny that he did so?" said Bothwell.

"As you charge it to me as a crime," said Henry, "you will excuse my saying any thing that will criminate myself."

"O, the lands of Milnwood!—the bonny lands of Milnwood, that have been in the name of Morton twa hundred years!" exclaimed his uncle; "they are barking and fleeing, outfield and infield, haugh and holme!"

"No, sir," said Henry, "you shall not suffer on my account—I own," he continued, addressing Bothwell, "I did give this man a night's lodging, as to an old military comrade of my father. But it was not only without my uncle's knowledge, but contrary to his express general orders. I trust, if my evidence is considered as good against myself, it will have some weight in proving my uncle's innocence."

"Come, young man," said the soldier, in a somewhat milder tone, "you're a smart spark enough, and I am sorry for

you; and your uncle here is a fine old Trojan, kinder, I see, to his guests than himself, for he gives us wine and drinks his own thin ale—tell me all you know about this Burley, what he said when you parted from him, where he went, and where he is likely now to be found; and, d—n it, I'll wink as hard on your share of the business as my duty will permit. There's a thousand merks on the murdering whigamore's head, an' I could but light on it—Come, out with it—where did you part with him?"

"You will excuse my answering that question, sir," said Morton; "the same cogent reasons which induced me to afford him hospitality at considerable risk to myself and my friends, would command me to respect his secret, if indeed he had trusted me with any."

"So you refuse to give me an answer?" said Bothwell.

"I have none to give," returned Henry.

"Perhaps I could teach you to find one, by tying a piece of lighted match

betwixt your fingers," answered Bothwell.

"O, for pity's sake, sir," said old Alison apart to her master, "gi'e them siller —it's siller they're seeking—they'll murder Mr Henry, and yoursel next."

Milnwood groaned in perplexity and bitterness of spirit, and with a tone, as if he was giving up the ghost, exclaimed, "If twenty p—p—punds would make up this unhappy matter"——

"My master," insinuated Alison to the serjeant, "would gi'e twenty punds sterling."

"Punds Scotch, you b—h," interrupted Milnwood, for the agony of his avarice overcame alike his puritanic precision and the habitual respect he entertained for his housekeeper.

"Punds sterling," insisted the housekeeper, "if ye wad hae the gudeness to look ower the lad's misconduct; he's that dour ye might tear him to pieces, and ye wad ne'er get a word out o' him; and it

wad do ye little gude to burn his bonny finger ends."

"Why," said Bothwell, hesitating, "I don't know—most of my cloth would have the money, and take off the prisoner too; but I bear a conscience, and if your master will stand to your offer, and enter into bond to produce his nephew, and if all in the house will take the test-oath, I do not know but"——

"O ay, ay, sir," cried Mrs Wilson, "ony test, ony oaths you please!" And then aside to her master, "Haste ye away, sir, and get the money, or they will burn the house about our lugs."

Old Milnwood cast a rueful look upon his adviser, and moved off, like a piece of Dutch clock-work, to set at liberty his imprisoned angels in this dire emergency. Meanwhile, Serjeant Bothwell began to put the test-oath with such a degree of solemn reverence as might have been expected, being just about the same which is used to this day in his majesty's custom-house.

"You—what's your name, woman?"

"Alison Wilson, sir."

"You, Alison Wilson, solemnly swear, certify, and declare, that you judge it unlawful for subjects under pretext of reformation, or any other pretext whatsoever, to enter into Leagues and Covenants"——

Here the ceremony was interrupted by a strife between Cuddie and his mother, which, long conducted in whispers, now became audible.

"O, whisht, mother, whisht! they're upon a communing—Oh! whisht, and they'll agree weel e'enow."

"I will not whisht, Cuddie," replied his mother, "I will uplift my voice and spare not—I will confound the man of sin, even the scarlet man, and through my voice shall Mr Henry be freed from the net of the fowler."

"She has her leg ower the harrows now," said Cuddie, "stop her wha can—I see her cocked up behint a dragoon on her way to the Tolbooth—I find my ain legs tied

below a horse's belly—Ay—she has just mustered up her sermon, and there—wi' that grane—out it comes, and we are a' ruined, horse and foot!"

"And div ye think to come here," said Mause, her withered hand shaking in concert with her keen, though wrinkled visage, animated by zealous wrath, and emancipated, by the very mention of the test, from the restraints of her own prudence and Cuddie's admonition—"div ye think to come here, wi' your soul-killing, saint-seducing, conscience-confounding oaths, and tests, and bands—your snares, and your traps, and your gins?—Surely it is in vain that a net is spread in the sight of any bird."

"Eh! what, good dame?" said the soldier. "Here's a whig miracle, egad! the old wife has got both her ears and tongue, and we are like to be driven deaf in our turn.—Go to, hold your peace, and remember whom you talk to, you old idiot."

"Whae do I talk to? Eh, sirs, ower weel may the sorrowing land ken what ye

are. Malignant adherents ye are to the prelates, foul props to a feeble and filthy cause, bloody beasts of prey, and burdens to the earth."

"Upon my soul," said Bothwell, astonished as a mastiff-dog might be should a hen-partridge fly at him in defence of her young, "this is the finest language I ever heard! Can't you give us some more of it?"

"Gie ye some mair o't?" said Mause, clearing her voice with a preliminary cough, "I will take up my testimony against you ance and again.—Philistines ye are, and Edomites—leopards are ye, and foxes—evening-wolves, that gnaw not the bones till the morrow—wicked dogs, that compass about the chosen — thrusting kine, and pushing bulls of Bashan—piercing serpents ye are, and allied baith in name and nature with the great Red Dragon, Revelations, twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses."

Here the old lady stopped, apparently

much more from lack of breath than of matter.

"Curse the old hag," said one of the dragoons, "gag her, and take her to head-quarters."

"For shame, Andrews," said Bothwell; "remember the good lady belongs to the fair sex, and uses only the privileges of her tongue.—But, hark ye, good woman, every Bull of Bashan and Red Dragon will not be so civil as I am, or be contented to leave you to the charge of the constable and ducking-stool. In the mean time, I must necessarily carry off this young man to head-quarters. I cannot answer to my commanding-officer to leave him in a house where I have heard so much treason and fanaticism."

"See now, mither, what ye hae dune," whispered Cuddie; "there's the Philistines, as ye ca' them, are gaun to whirry awa' Mr Harry, and a' wi' your nash-gab, de'il be on't!"

"Haud ye're tongue, ye cowardly loon,"

said the mother, "and lay na the wyte on me; if you and thae thowless gluttons that are sitting staring like cows bursting on clover, wad testify wi' your hands as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never harle the precious young lad awa' to captivity."

While this dialogue passed, the soldiers had already bound and secured their prisoner. Milnwood returned at this instant, and, alarmed at the preparations he beheld, hastened to proffer to Bothwell, though with many a grievous groan, the purse of gold which he had been obliged to rummage out as ransom for his nephew. The trooper took the purse with an air of indifference, weighed it in his hand, chucked it up into the air, and caught it as it fell, then shook his head, and said, "There's many a merry night in this nest of yellow boys, but d—n me if I dare venture for them—that old woman has spoke too loud, and before all the men too.—Hark ye, old gentleman," to Milnwood, "I must

take your nephew to head-quarters, so I cannot, in conscience, keep more than is my due as civility-money;" then opening the purse, he gave a gold piece to each of the soldiers, and took three to himself. "Now," said he, "you have the comfort to know that your kinsman, young Captain Popinjay, will be carefully looked after and civilly used, and the rest of the money I return to you."

Milnwood eagerly extended his hand.

"Only you know," said Bothwell, still playing with the purse, "that every landholder is answerable for the conformity and loyalty of his household, and that these fellows of mine are not obliged to be silent on the subject of the fine sermon we have had from that old puritan in the tartan plaid there; and I presume you are aware that the consequences of delation will be a heavy fine before the council."

"Good serjeant,—worthy captain!" exclaimed the terrified miser, "I am sure

there is no person in my house, to my knowledge, would give cause of offence."

"Nay," answered Bothwell, "you shall hear her give her testimony, as she calls it, herself.—You fellow," (to Cuddie) "stand back, and let your mother speak her mind. I see she's primed and loaded again since her first discharge."

"Lord! noble sir," said Cuddie, "an auld wife's tongue's but a feckless matter to mak sic a fash about. Neither my father nor me ever minded muckle what our mither said."

"Hold your peace, my lad, while you are well," said Bothwell; "I promise you I think you are slyer than you would like to be supposed.—Come, good dame, you see your master will not believe that you can give us so bright a testimony."

Mause's zeal did not require this spur to set her again on full career.

"Woe to the compliers and carnal self-seekers," she said, "that daubs over and drowns their conscience by complying

with wicked exactions, and giving mammon of unrighteousness to the sons of Belial, that it may make their peace with them! It is a sinful compliance, a base confederacy with the enemy. It is the evil that Menahan did in the sight of the Lord, when he gave a thousand talents to Peel, King of Assyria, that his hand might be with him, Second Kings, feifteen chapter, aughteen verse. It is the evil deed of Ahab, when he sent money to Tigteth Peleaser, see the saame Second Kings, saxteen and aught. And if it was accounted a backsliding even in godly Hezekiah, that he complied with Sennacherib, giving him money and offering to bear that which was put upon him, (see the saame Second Kings, aughteen chapter, fourteen and feifteen verses) even so it is with them that in this contumacious and backsliding generation pays localities and fees, and cess and fines, to greedy and unrighteous publicans, and extortions and stipends to hireling curates, (dumb dogs which bark not, sleeping,

lying down, loving to slumber) and gives gifts to be helps and hires to our oppressors and destroyers. They all are like the casters of a lot with them—like the preparing of a table for the troop, and the furnishing a drink-offering to the number."

"There's a fine sound of doctrine for you, Mr Morton! How like you that?" said Bothwell; "or how do you think the Council will like it? I think we can carry the greatest part of it in our heads without a kylevine pen and a pair of tablets, such as you bring to conventicles. She denies paying cess, I think, Andrews?"

"Yes, by G—," said Andrews; "and she swore it was a sin to give a trooper a pot of ale, or ask him to sit down at a table."

"You hear," said Bothwell, addressing Milnwood, "but it's your own affair," and he proffered back the purse with its diminished contents, with an air of indifference.

Milnwood, whose head seemed stunned by the accumulation of his misfortunes, extended his hand mechanically to take the purse.

"Are ye mad?" said his housekeeper, in a whisper; "tell them to keep it;—they *will* do it either by fair means or foul, and it's our only chance to make them quiet."

"I canna do it, Ailie—I canna do it," said Milnwood, in the bitterness of his heart. "I canna part wi' the siller I hae counted sae often ower, to thae blackguards."

"Then I maun do it mysel, Milnwood," said the housekeeper, "or see a' gang wrang thegither.—My master, sir," she said, addressing Bothwell, "canna think o' taking back ony thing at the hand of an honourable gentleman like you; he implores ye to pit up the siller, and be as kind to his nephew as ye can, and be favourable in reporting our dispositions to

government, and let us tak nae wrang for the daft speeches of an auld jaud," (here she turned fiercely upon Mause, to indulge herself for the effort which it cost her to assume a mild demeanour to the soldiers,) "a daft auld whig randie, that ne'er was in the house (foul fa' her) till yesterday afternoon, and that sall ne'er cross the doorstane again an' anes I had her out o't."

"Ay, ay," said Cuddie, "e'en sae. I kenn'd we wad be put to our travels again whene'er you suld get three words spoken to an end. I was sure that wad be the upshot o't, mither."

"Whisht, my bairn," said she, "and dinna murmur at the cross—cross their doorstane? weel I wot I'll ne'er cross their doorstane. There's nae mark on their threshold for a signal that the destroying angel should pass by. They'll get a back cast o' his hand yet, that think sae muckle o' the creature, and sae little o' the Creator—sae muckle o' warld's gear and sae little o' a

broken covenant—sae muckle about thae wheen pieces o' yellow muck, and sae little about the pure gold o' the Scripture—sae muckle about their ain friend and kinsman, and sae little about the elect that are tried wi' hornings, harassings, huntings, searchings, chasings, catchings, imprisonments, torturings, banishments, headings, hangings, dismemberings, and quarterings quick, forbye the hundreds forced from their ain habitations to the deserts, mountains, muirs, mosses, moss-flows, and peat-hags, there to hear the word like bread eaten in secret."

"She's at the Covenant now, serjeant, shall we not have her away?" said one of the soldiers.

"You be d—d," said Bothwell, aside to him; "cannot you see she's better where she is, so long as there is a respectable, sponsible, money-broking heritor, like Mr Morton of Milnwood, who has the means of atoning her trespasses? Let the old

mother fly to raise another brood, she's too tough to be made any thing of herself—Here," he cried, "one other round to Milnwood and his roof-tree, and to our next merry meeting with him!—which I think will not be far distant, if he keeps such a fanatical family."

He then ordered the party to take their horses, and pressed the best in Milnwood's stable into the king's service to carry the prisoner. Mrs Wilson, with weeping eyes, made up a small parcel of necessaries for Henry's compelled journey, and, as she bustled about, took an opportunity, unseen by the party, to slip into his hand a small sum of money. Bothwell and his troopers, in other respects, kept their promise, and were civil. They did not bind their prisoner, but contented themselves with leading his horse between a file of men. They then mounted, and marched off with much mirth and laughter among themselves, leaving the Milnwood family

in great confusion. The old laird himself, overpowered by the loss of his nephew, and the unavailing outlay of twenty pounds sterling, did nothing the whole evening but rock himself backwards and forwards in his great leathern easy-chair, repeating the same lamentation, of "Ruined on a' sides, ruined on a' sides—body and gudes, body and gudes!"

Mrs Alison Wilson's grief was partly indulged and partly relieved by the torrent of invectives with which she accompanied Mause and Cuddie's expulsion from Milnwood.

"Ill luck be in the graning corse o' thee! the prettiest lad in Clydesdale this day maun be a sufferer, and a' for you and your daft whiggery."

"Gae wa'," replied Mause; "I trow ye are yet in the bonds of sin, and in the gall of iniquity, to grudge your bonniest and best in the cause of Him that gave ye a' ye hae—I promise I hae dune as muckle

for Mr Harry as I wad do for my ain; for, if Cuddie was found worthy to bear testimony in the Grassmarket"——

"And there's gude hope o't," said Alison, "unless you and he change your courses."

"And if," continued Mause, disregarding the interruption, "the bloody Doegs and the flattering Ziphites were to seek to insnare me with a proffer of his remission upon sinful compliances, I wad persevere, natheless, in lifting my testimony against popery, prelacy, antinomianism, erastianism, lapsarianism, sublapsarianism, and the sins and snares of the times—I wad cry as a woman in labour against the black indulgence, that has been a stumbling-block to professors—I wad uplift my voice as a powerful preacher."

"Hout tout, mither," cried Cuddie, interfering, and dragging her off forcibly, "dinna deave the gentlewoman wi' your testimony; ye hae preached eneugh for

sax days; ye preached us out o' our canny free-house and gude kale-yard, and out o' this new city of refuge afore our hinder-end was weel hafted in it; and ye hae preached Mr Harry awa' to the prison; and ye hae preached twenty punds out o' the laird's pocket that he likes as ill to quit wi'; and sae ye may haud sae for ae wee while without preaching me up a ladder and down a tow; sae cum awa', cum awa'; the family hae had eneugh o' your testimony to mind it for ae while."

So saying, he dragged off Mause, the words, "Testimony—Covenant—malignants—indulgence," still thrilling upon her tongue, to make preparations for instantly renewing their travels in quest of an asylum.

"I'll-fa'ard, crazy, crack-brained gowk, that she is!" exclaimed the housekeeper, as she saw them depart, "to set up to be sae muckle better than ither folk, the auld besom, and to bring sae muckle dis-

tress on a douce quiet family! If it hadna been that I am mair than half a gentlewoman by my station, I wad hae tried my ten nails in the wizen'd hide o' her."

CHAPTER VIII.

I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars,
And shew my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
BURNS.

"DON'T be too much cast down," said Serjeant Bothwell to his prisoner as they journeyed on towards the head-quarters; "you are a smart pretty lad, and well connected; the worst that will happen will be strapping up for it, and that is many an honest fellow's lot. I tell you fairly your life's within the compass of the law, unless you make submission, and get off by a round fine upon your uncle's estate; he can well afford it."

"That vexes me more than the rest," said Henry. "He parts with his money

with regret; and, as he had no concern whatever with my having given this person shelter for a night, I wish to Heaven, if I escape a capital punishment, that the penalty may be of a kind I could bear in my own person."

"Why, perhaps," said Bothwell, "they will propose to you to go into one of the Scotch regiments that are serving abroad. It's no bad line of service; if your friends are active, and there are any knocks going, you may soon get a commission."

"I am by no means sure," answered Morton, "that such a sentence is not the best thing that can happen to me."

"Why, then, you are no real whig after all," said the serjeant.

"I have hitherto meddled with no party in the state," said Henry, "but have remained quietly at home, and sometimes I have had serious thoughts of joining one of our foreign regiments."

"Have you?" replied Bothwell; "why, I honour you for it—I have served in the

Scotch French guards myself many a long day—it's the place for learning discipline, d—n me. They never mind what you do when you are off duty; but miss the roll-call, and see how they will arrange you—D—n me, if old Captain Montgomery didn't make me mount guard upon the arsenal in my steel-back and breast, plate-sleeves and head-piece, for six hours at once, under so burning a sun, that gad I was beeked like a turtle in Port Royale. I swore never to miss answering to Francis Stuart again, though I should leave my hand of cards upon the drum-head—Ah! discipline is a capital thing."

"In other respects you liked the service?" said Henry.

"*Par excellence*," said Bothwell; "women, wine, and wassail, all to be had for little but the asking; and if you find it in your conscience to let a fat priest think he has some chance to convert you, gad he'll help you to these comforts himself just to gain a little ground in your good affec-

tion. Where will you find a crop-eared whig parson will be so civil?"

"Why, nowhere, I agree with you," said Henry; "but what was your chief duty?"

"To guard the king's person," said Bothwell, "to look after the safety of Louis le Grand, my boy, and now and then to take a turn among the Huguenots (protestants that is.) And there we had fine scope; it brought my hand pretty well in for the service in this country. But, come, as you are to be a *buon camerado*, as the Spaniards say, I must put you in cash with some of your old uncle's broad-pieces. This is cutter's law; we must not see a pretty fellow want, if we have cash ourselves."

Thus speaking, he pulled out his purse, took out some of the contents, and offered them to Henry without counting them. Young Morton declined the favour; and, not judging it prudent to acquaint the serjeant, notwithstanding his apparent ge-

nerosity, that he was actually in possession of some money, he assured him he would have no difficulty in getting a supply from his uncle.

"Well," said Bothwell, "in that case these yellow rascals must serve to ballast my purse a little longer. I always make it a rule never to quit the tavern (unless ordered on duty) while my purse is so weighty that I can chuck it over the sign-post. When it is so light that the wind blows it back, then, boot and saddle,—we must fall on some way of replenishing.—But what tower is that before us, rising so high upon the steep bank, out of the woods that surround it on every side?"

"It is the tower of Tillietudlem," said one of the soldiers. "Old Lady Margaret Bellenden lives there, is one of the best affected women in the country, and one that's a soldier's friend. When I was hurt by one of the d—d whig dogs that shot at me from behind a fauld-dyke, I lay a month there, and would stand such an-

other wound to be in as good quarters again."

"If that be the case," said Bothwell, "I will pay my respects to her as we pass, and request some refreshment for men and horses; I am as thirsty already as if I had drank nothing at Milnwood. But it is a good thing in these times," he continued, addressing himself to Henry, "that the King's soldier cannot pass a house without getting a refreshment. In such houses as Tillie—what d'ye call it, you are served for love; in the houses of the avowed fanatics you help yourself by force; and among the moderate presbyterians and other suspicious persons, you are well treated from fear; so your thirst is always quenched on some terms or other."

"And you propose," said Henry anxiously, "to go upon that errand up to the tower yonder?"

"To be sure I do," answered Bothwell. "How should I be able to report favourably to my officers of the worthy

lady's sound principles, unless I know the taste of her sack, for sack she will produce—that I take for granted; it is the favourite consoler of your old dowager of quality, as small claret is the potation of your country laird."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said Harry, "if you are determined to go there, do not mention my name, or expose me to a family that I am acquainted with. Let me be muffled up for the time in one of your soldier's cloaks, and only mention me generally as a prisoner under your charge."

"With all my heart," said Bothwell; "I promised to use you civilly, and I scorn to break my word.—Here, Andrews, wrap a cloak round the prisoner, and do not mention his name, nor where we caught him, unless you would have a trot on a horse of wood."

They were at this moment at an arched gateway, battlemented and flanked with turrets, one whereof was totally ruinous, excepting the lower story, which served

as a cow-house to the peasant, whose family inhabited the turret which remained entire. The gate had been broken down by Monk's soldiers during the civil war, and had never been replaced, therefore presented no obstacle to Bothwell and his party. The avenue, very steep and narrow, and causewayed with large round stones, ascended the side of the precipitous bank in an oblique and zigzag course, now shewing now hiding a view of the tower and its exterior bulwarks, which seemed to rise almost perpendicularly above their heads. The fragments of Gothic defences which it exhibited were upon such a scale of strength as induced Bothwell to exclaim, "It's well this place is in honest and loyal hands. Egad, if the enemy had it, a dozen of old whigamore wives with their distaffs might keep it against a troop of dragoons, at least if they had half the spunk of the old girl we left at Milnwood. Upon my life," he continued, as they came in front

of the large double tower and its surrounding defences and flankers, "it is a superb place, founded, says the worn inscription over the gate—unless the remnant of my Latin has given me the slip—by Sir Ralph de Bellenden in 1350—a respectable antiquity. I must greet the old lady with due honour, though it should put me to the labour of recalling some of the compliments that I used to dabble in when I was wont to keep that sort of company."

As he thus communed with himself, the butler, who had reconnoitered the soldiers from an arrow-slit in the wall, announced to his lady, that a commanded party of dragoons waited at the gate with a prisoner under their charge.

"I am certain," said Gudyill, "and positive, that the sixth man is a prisoner, for his horse is led, and the two dragoons that are before have their carabines out of their budgets and rested upon their thighs. It

was aye the way we guarded prisoners in the days of the great Marquis."

"King's soldiers?" said the lady; "probably in want of refreshment. Go, Gudyill, make them welcome, and let them be accommodated with what provisions and forage the Tower can afford.—And stay, tell my gentlewoman to bring my black scarf and manteau. I will go down myself to receive them; one cannot shew them too much respect in times when they are doing so much for royal authority. And d'ye hear, Gudyill, let Jenny Dennison slip on her pearlings to walk before my niece and me, and the three women to walk behind; and bid my niece attend me instantly."

Fully accoutred, and attended according to her directions, Lady Margaret now sailed out into the court-yard of her tower with great courtesy and dignity. Serjeant Bothwell saluted the grave and reverend lady of the manor with an assurance

which had something of the light and careless address of the dissipated men of fashion in Charles the Second's time, and did not at all savour of the awkward or rude manners of a non-commissioned officer of dragoons. His language, as well as his manners, seemed also to be refined for the time and occasion; though the truth was, that, in the fluctuations of an adventurous and profligate life, Bothwell had sometimes kept company much better suited to his ancestry than to his present situation of life. To the lady's request to know whether she could be of service to them, he answered, with a suitable bow, "That as they had to march some miles farther that night, they would be much accommodated by permission to rest their horses for an hour before continuing their journey."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered Lady Margaret, "and I trust that my people will see that neither horse nor men want suitable refreshment."

"We are well aware, madam," continued Bothwell, "that such has always been the reception, within the walls of Tillietudlem, of those who served the King."

"We have studied to discharge our duty faithfully and loyally on all occasions, sir," answered Lady Margaret, pleased with the compliment, "both to our monarchs and to their followers, particularly to their faithful soldiers. It is not long ago, and it probably has not escaped the recollection of his sacred majesty, now on the throne, since he himself honoured my poor house with his presence, and breakfasted in a room in this castle, Mr Serjeant, which my waiting-gentlewoman shall shew you; we still call it the King's room."

Bothwell had by this time dismounted his party, and committed the horses to the charge of one file, and the prisoner to that of another, so that he himself was at liberty to continue the conversation which the lady had so condescendingly opened.

"Since the King, my master, had the honour to experience your hospitality, I cannot wonder that it is extended to those that serve him, and whose principal merit is doing it with fidelity. And yet I have a nearer relation to his majesty than this coarse red coat would seem to indicate."

"Indeed, sir? Probably," said Lady Margaret, "you have belonged to his household?"

"Not exactly, madam, to his household, but rather to his *house*, a connection through which I may claim kindred with most of the best families in Scotland, not, I believe, exclusive of that of Tillietudlem."

"Sir?" said the old lady, drawing herself up with dignity at hearing what she conceived an impertinent jest, "I do not understand you."

"It's but a foolish subject for one in my situation to talk of, madam," answered the trooper, "but you must have heard of the

history and misfortunes of my grandfather, Francis Stuart, to whom James I., his cousin-german, gave the title of Bothwell, as my comrades give me the nickname. It was not in the long run more advantageous to him than it is to me."

"Indeed?" said Lady Margaret, with much sympathy and surprise; "I have indeed always understood that the grandson of the last Earl was in necessitous circumstances, but I should never have expected to see him so low in the service. With such connections what ill fortune could have reduced you"——

"Nothing much out of the ordinary course, I believe, madam," said Bothwell, interrupting and anticipating the question. "I have had my moments of good luck like my neighbours—have drank my bottle with Rochester, thrown a merry main with Buckingham, and fought at Tangiers side by side with Sheffield. But my luck never lasted; I could not make

useful friends out of my jolly companions —Perhaps I was not sufficiently aware," he continued with some bitterness, " how much the descendant of the Scottish Stuarts was honoured by being admitted into the convivialities of Wilmot and Villiers."

" But your Scottish friends, Mr Stuart, your relations here, so numerous and so powerful?"

" Why, ay, my lady, I believe some of them might have made me their gamekeeper, for I am a tolerable shot—some of them would have entertained me as their bravo, for I can use my sword well—and here and there was one, who, when better company was not to be had, would have made me his companion, since I can drink my three bottles of wine.—But I don't know how it is—between service and service among my kinsmen, I prefer that of my cousin Charles as the most creditable of them all, though the pay is but poor and the livery far from splendid."

"It is a shame, it is a burning scandal," said Lady Margaret. "Why do you not apply to his most sacred majesty? he cannot but be surprised to hear that a scion of his august family"——

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted the serjeant, "I am but a blunt soldier, and I trust you will excuse me when I say, his most sacred majesty is more busy in grafting scions of his own than with nourishing those which were planted by his grandfather's grandfather."

"Well, Mr Stuart," said Lady Margaret, "one thing you must promise me—remain at Tillietudlem to-night; to-morrow I expect your commanding-officer, the gallant Claverhouse, to whom king and country are so much obliged for his exertions against those who would turn the world upside down. I will speak to him on the subject of your speedy promotion, and I am certain he feels too much, both what is due to the blood which is in your veins, and to the request of a lady so

highly distinguished as myself by his most sacred majesty, not to make better provision for you than you have yet received."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship, and I certainly will remain here with my prisoner, since you request it, especially as it will be the earliest way of presenting him to Colonel Graham, and obtaining his ultimate orders about the young spark."

"Who is your prisoner, pray you?" said Lady Margaret.

"A young fellow of rather the better class in this neighbourhood, who has been so incautious as to give countenance to one of the murderers of the primate, and to facilitate the dog's escape."

"O, fie upon him!" said Lady Margaret, "I am but too apt to forgive the injuries I have received at the hands of these rogues, though some of them, Mr Stuart, are of a kind not like to be forgotten; but those who would abet the perpetrators of so cruel and deliberate a homicide on a single man, an old man, and a man of the Arch-

bishop's sacred profession—O fie upon him! If you wish to make him secure, with little trouble to your people, I will cause Harrison, or Gudyill, look for the key of our pit, or principal dungeon. It has not been opened since the week after the victory of Kilsythe, when my poor Sir Arthur Bellenden put twenty whigs into it; but it is not more than two stories beneath ground, so it cannot be unwholesome, especially as I believe there is somewhere an opening to the outer air."

"I beg your pardon, madam," answered the serjeant; "I dare say the dungeon is a most admirable one, but I have promised to be civil to the lad, and I will take care he is watched so as to render escape impossible. I'll set those to look after him shall keep him as fast as if his legs were in the boots, or his fingers in the thumbkins."

"Well, Mr Stuart," rejoined the lady, "you best know your own duty. I heartily wish you good evening, and commit

you to the care of my steward, Harrison. I would ask you to keep us company, but a—a—a—"

"O madam, it requires no apology; I am sensible the coarse red coat of King Charles II. does and ought to annihilate the privileges of the red blood of King James V."

"Not with me, I do assure you, Mr Stuart; you do me injustice if you think so. I will speak to your officer to-morrow; you shall soon find yourself in a rank where there shall need no anomalies to be reconciled."

"I believe, madam," said Bothwell, "your goodness will find itself deceived; but I am obliged to you for your intention, and, at all events, I will have a merry night with Mr Harrison."

Lady Margaret took a ceremonious leave, with all the respect which she owed to royal blood, even when flowing in the veins of a serjeant of the life-guards, again assuring Mr Stuart, that whatever was in the

Tower of Tillietudlem was heartily at his service and that of his attendants.

Serjeant Bothwell did not fail to take the lady at her word, and readily forgot the height from which his family had descended, in a joyous carousal, during which Mr Harrison exerted himself to produce the best wine in the cellar, and to excite his guest to be merry by that seducing example, which, in matters of conviviality, goes farther than precept. Old Gudyill associated himself with a party so much to his taste, pretty much as Davy in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth mingles in the revels of his master, Justice Shallow. He ran down to the cellar at the risk of breaking his neck, to ransack some private catacomb, known, as he boasted, only to himself, and which never either had, or should, during his superintendance, render forth a bottle of its contents to any one but a real king's friend.

"When the Duke dined here," said the butler, seating himself at a distance from

the table, being somewhat overawed by Bothwell's genealogy, but yet hitching his seat half a yard nearer at every clause of his speech, "my leddy was importunate to have a bottle of that Burgundy," (here he advanced his seat a little)—"but I dinna ken how it was, Mr Stuart, I misdoubted him. I jaloused him, sir, no to be the friend to government he pretends; the family are not to lippen to. That auld Duke James lost his heart before he lost his head; and the Worcester man was but wersh parritch, neither gude to fry, boil, nor sup cauld." (With this witty observation he completed his first parallel, and commenced a zigzag after the manner of an experienced engineer, in order to continue his approaches to the table.) "Sae, sir, the faster my leddy cried 'Burgundy to his Grace—the auld Burgundy—the choice Burgundy—the Burgundy that cam ower in the thirty-nine'—the mair did I say to mysel, de'il a drap gangs down his hause unless I was mair sensible o' his principles;

sack and claret may serve him. Na, na, gentlemen, as lang as I hae the trust o' butler in this house o' Tillietudlem, I'll tak it upon me to see that nae disloyal or doubtfu' person is the better o' our binns. But when I can find a true friend to the king and his cause, and a moderate episcopacy; when I find a man, as I say, that will stand by church and crown as I did mysel in my master's life, and all through Montrose's time, I think there is naething in the cellar ower gude to be spared on him."

By this time he had completed a lodgment in the body of the place, or, in other words, advanced his seat close to the table.

"And now, Mr Francis Stuart of Bothwell, I have the honour to drink your gude health, and a commission t'ye, and much luck may ye have in raking this country clear o' whigs and round-heads, fanatics and Covenanters."

Bothwell, who, it may well be believed,

had long ceased to be very scrupulous in point of society, which he regulated more by his convenience and station in life than his ancestry, readily answered the butler's pledge, acknowledging, at the same time, the excellence of the wine; and Mr Gudyill, thus adopted a regular member of the company, continued to furnish them with the means of mirth until an early hour in the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

PRIOR.

WHILE Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended serjeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her grand-daughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were descended of the blood-royal, did not honour Serjeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall powerful person, and a set of hardy weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation.

The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person, "I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking sae mysel, Miss Edith; but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he's taller and no sae stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellenden, "it may be some poor neighbour for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can sune learn wha he is, if the soldiers were anes settled and at leisure, for I ken ane o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that. To be sure, folk canna help kenning the folk by head-mark that they see aye glowring and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Steinsons, and Tam Rand, and the young miller, and the five Howisons in Nethersheils, and lang Tam Gilry, and"——

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam, as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside-Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him ony thing, and Tam will not refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the

name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith, anxiously; "does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cuddie, Miss Edith? Na! na! it's nae Cuddie," blubbered out the faithful fille-de-chambre, sensible of the pain which her news were about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear, Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himsel!"

"Young Milnwood?" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn; "it is impossible—totally impossible!—His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connection whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy dissention; he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right."

"O, my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "these are not days to ask what's right or what's wrang; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld carle of an Archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up and speaking with a hasty and tremulous accent,—"they cannot—they shall not—I will speak with him—they shall not hurt him!"

"O, my dear young lady, think on your grandmother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he does na gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief wark wi' him—Kneel down—mak ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld deaf John Macbriar, that never heard a question they pat

till him, and lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty—I will put on a plaid, and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him—I will throw myself at the feet of the centinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved"——

"Eh guide us!" interrupted the maid, "our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the poor chield hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it—that will never do; but what maun be maun be, and I'll never desert a true-love cause—An' sae, if ye maun see young Milnwood, though I ken nae gude it will do, but to make baith your hearts the sairer, I'll e'en tak the risk ye't, and try to manage Tam Halliday; but ye maun let me hae my ain gate and no speak ae word—he's keeping guard o'er

Milnwood in the easter round of the tower."

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger—Haste ye, Jenny, as ever you hope to have good at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so as completely to screen her face, and in part to disguise her person. This was a mode of arranging the plaid very common among the ladies of that century, and the earlier part of the succeeding one; so much so, indeed, that the venerable sages of the Kirk, conceiving that the mode gave tempting facilities for intrigue, directed more than one act of Assembly against this use of the mantle. But fashion, as usual, proved too strong for authority, and while plaids continued to be worn, women of all ranks occasionally employed them as a sort of muffler or veil. Her face and figure thus concealed,

Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study, or closet, in one of the turrets, opening from a gallery in which the centinel was pacing to and fro; for Serjeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanour, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore, with his carabine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, a huge flagon of which stood upon a table at one end of the apartment, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air,

> "Between Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
> I'll gar ye be fain to follow me"——

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

"I can manage the trooper weel eneugh," she said, "for as rough as he is —I ken their nature weel; but ye maunna say a single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the centinel had turned his back from it, and, taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic raillery,

"If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad;
A laird, or a lord, they were fitter for me,
Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee."——

"A fair challenge, by Jove," cried the centinel, turning round, "and from two at once, but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandeliers;" then taking up the song where the damsel had stopt,

"To follow me ye weel may be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."——

"Come, my pretty nurse, and kiss me for my song."

"I should not have thought of that, Mr Halliday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and, I'se assure ye, ye'll hae but little o' my company unless ye shew gentler havings—It was na to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wi' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yoursel, 'at should ye."

"Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here then, Mrs Dennison?"

"My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr Harry Morton, and I am come wi' her to speak till him."

"The devil you are," answered the centinel; "and pray, Mrs Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a key-hole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoke of."

"It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be dune," replied the persevering damsel.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny," and the soldier resumed his march, humming as he walked to and fro along the gallery,

> "Keek into the draw-well,
> Janet, Janet,
> Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
> My joe Janet."

"So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr Halliday? Weel, weel—gude e'en to you—ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonny-dye too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a silver dollar.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver's e'en ower gude for the like o' him, that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's e'e—and what's waur, he

wad think there was something mair in't than a kinswoman o' mine. My sarty! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd." Having addressed this advice aside to her mistress, she raised her voice, and said, "My cousin winna stay ony langer, Mr Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude e'en t'ye."

"Halt a bit, halt a bit," said the trooper; "rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you must stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll be all well pleased you know."

"The fiend be in my feet then," said Jenny; "d'ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi' cracking clavers wi' the like o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Hegh, hegh, sirs, to see sic a difference between folks promises and performance! Ye were aye willing to slight poor Cuddie; but an' I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it

had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it."

"D—n Cuddie," retorted the dragoon, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Milnwood with his old puritanical b—— of a mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail—we had law enough to bear us out."

"Very weel, very weel—See if Cuddie winna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gaur him tak the muir wi' sae mony honest folk. He can hit a mark brawly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of e'e and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours—But it's a' ane to me—Come, cousin, we'll awa'."

"Stay, Jenny; d—n me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier in a hesitating tone. "Where is the serjeant?"

"Drinking and driving ower," quoth Jenny, "wi' the steward and John Gudyill."

"So, so—he's safe enough—and where are my comrades?" said the centinel.

"Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer, and some o' the serving folk."

"Have they plenty of ale?"

"Sax gallons, as gude as e'er was masked," said the maid.

"Well, then, my pretty Jenny," said the relenting centinel, "they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come alone the next time"——

"Maybe I will, and maybe I winna," said Jenny; "but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel."

"I'll be d—n'd if I do," said Halliday, taking the money however; "but it's always something for my risk; for, if Claverhouse hears what I have done, he will build me a horse as high as the Tower of Tillietudlem. But every one in the regi-

ment takes what they can come by; I am sure Bothwell and his blood-royal shews us a good example. And if I were trusting to you, you little jilting devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come, there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start as if they were sounding, 'Horse and away.'"

So speaking, Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a centinel upon his regular duty.

The door, which slowly opened, discovered Morton with both arms reclined upon a table, and his head resting upon them in a posture of deep dejection. He raised his face as the door opened, and,

perceiving the female figures which it admitted, started up in great surprise. Edith, as if modesty had quelled the courage which despair had bestowed, stood about a yard from the door without having either the power to speak or to advance. All the plans of aid, relief, or comfort, which she had proposed to lay before her lover, seemed at once to have vanished from her recollection, and left only a painful chaos of ideas, with which was mingled a fear that she had degraded herself in the eyes of her lover by a step which might appear precipitate and unfeminine. She hung motionless and almost powerless upon the arm of her attendant, who in vain endeavoured to reassure and inspire her with courage, by whispering, "We are in now, madam, and we maun mak the best o' our time; for, doubtless, the corporal or the serjeant will gang the rounds, and it wad be a pity to hae the poor lad Halliday punished for his civility."

Morton, in the mean time, was timidly advancing, suspecting the truth; for what other female in the house, excepting Edith herself, was likely to take an interest in his misfortunes? and yet afraid, owing to the doubtful twilight and the muffled dress, of making some mistake which might be prejudicial to the object of his affections. Jenny, whose ready wit and forward manners well qualified her for such an office, hastened to break the ice.

"Mr Morton, Miss Edith's very sorry for your present situation, and"——

It was needless to say more; he was at her side, almost at her feet, pressing her unresisting hands, and loading her with a profusion of thanks and gratitude which would be hardly intelligible from the mere broken words, unless we could describe the tone, the gesture, the impassioned and hurried indications of deep and tumultuous feeling with which they were accompanied.

For two or three minutes, Edith stood

as motionless as the statue of a saint which receives the adoration of a worshipper; and when she recovered herself sufficiently to withdraw her hands from Henry's grasp, she could at first only faintly articulate, "I have taken a strange step, Mr Morton—a step," she continued with more coherence, as her ideas arranged themselves in consequence of a strong effort, "that perhaps may expose me to censure in your eyes—But I have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—perhaps I might say more—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. How, or why, is this imprisonment? what can be done? can my uncle who thinks so highly of you—can your own kinsman, Milnwood, be of no use? are there no means? and what is likely to be the event?"

"Be what it will," answered Henry, contriving to make himself master of the hand that had escaped from him, but which was now again abandoned to his

clasp, "be what it will it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, I should have said Miss Bellenden, but misfortune claims strange privileges—to you I have owed the few happy moments which have gilded a gloomy existence, and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honour will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering."

"But is it even thus, Mr Morton? Have you, who used to mix so little in these unhappy feuds, become so suddenly and deeply implicated, that nothing short of"—

She paused, unable to bring out the word which should have come next.

"Nothing short of my life you would say?" replied Morton, in a calm, but melancholy tone; "I believe that will be entirely in the bosoms of my judges. My guards spoke of a possibility of exchanging the penalty for entry into foreign service. I thought that I could have embraced the alternative; and yet, Miss Bellenden, since

I have seen you once more, I feel that exile would be more galling than death."

"And is it then true," said Edith, "that you have been so desperately rash as to entertain communication with any of those cruel wretches who assassinated the primate?"

"I knew not even that such a crime had been committed," replied Morton, "when I gave unhappily a night's lodging and concealment to one of those rash men, the ancient friend and comrade of my father. But my ignorance will avail me little; for who, Miss Bellenden, save you, will believe it? And, what is worse, I am at least uncertain whether, even if I had known the crime, I could have brought my mind, under all the circumstances, to refuse a temporary refuge to the fugitive."

"And by whom," said Edith, anxiously, "or under what authority will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Grahame of Cla-

verhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton; "one of the military commission, to whom it has pleased our king, our privy council, and our parliament that used to be more tenacious of our liberties, to commit the sole charge of our goods and of our lives."

"To Claverhouse?" said Edith, faintly; "merciful Heaven, you are lost ere you are tried! He wrote to my mother that he was to be here to-morrow morning, on his road to the head of the county, where some desperate men are said to have assembled for the purpose of making a stand, animated by the presence of two or three of the actors in the primate's murder. His expressions made me shudder, even when I could not guess that—that—a friend"——

"Do not be too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms; "Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honourable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my

cause like a soldier. He will perhaps listen more favourably to a blunt and unvarnished defence than a tricking and time-serving judge might do. And, indeed, in a time when justice is, in all its branches, so completely corrupted, I would rather lose my life by open military violence than be conjured out of it by the hocus-pocus of some arbitrary lawyer, who lends the knowledge he has of the statutes made for our protection, to wrest them to our destruction."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse!" sighed Edith; "root and branch-work was the mildest of his expressions. The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No excuse, no subterfuge,' said his letter, 'shall save either those connected with the deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter from the ample and bitter penalty of the law, until I shall have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder, as

the old man had grey hairs upon his venerable head.' There is neither ruth nor favour to be found with him."

Jenny Dennison, who had hitherto remained silent, now ventured, in the extremity of distress, which the lovers felt, but for which they were unable to devise a remedy, to offer her own advice.

"Wi' your leddyship's pardon, Miss Edith, and young Mr Milnwood's, we maunna waste time. Let Milnwood take my plaid and gown; I'll slip them aff in the dark corner, if he'll promise no to look about, and he may walk past Tam Halliday, who is half blind with his ale, and I can tell him a canny way to get out o' the Tower, and your leddyship will gang quietly to your ain room, and I'll row mysel in his grey cloak, and pit on his hat, and play the prisoner till the coast's clear, and then I'll cry in Tam Halliday and gar him let me out."

"Let you out?" said Morton; "they'll make your life answer it."

"Ne'er a bit," replied Jenny; "Tam daurna tell he let ony body in, for his ain sake; and I'll gar him find some other gate to account for the escape."

"Will you, by G—?" said the centinel, suddenly opening the door of the apartment; "if I am half blind, I am not deaf, and you should not plan an escape quite so loud, if you expect to go through with it. Come, come, Mrs Janet—march, troop—quick time—trot, d—n me!—And you, madam kinswoman,—I won't ask your real name, though you were going to play me so rascally a trick,—but I must make a clear garrison; so beat a retreat, unless you would have me turn out the guard."

"I hope," said Morton, very anxiously, "you will not mention this circumstance, my good friend, and trust to my honour to acknowledge your civility in keeping the secret. If you overheard our conversation, you must have observed that we did not accept of, or enter into, the hasty proposal made by this good-natured girl."

"Oh, devilish good-natured, to be sure," said Halliday. "As for the rest, I guess how it is, and I scorn to bear malice, or tell tales, as much as another; but no thanks to that little jilting devil, Jenny Dennison, who deserves a tight skelping for trying to lead an honest lad into a scrape, just because he was so silly as to like her good for little chit face."

Jenny had no better means of justification than the last apology to which her sex trust, and usually not in vain; she pressed her handkerchief to her face, sobbed with great vehemence, and either wept, or managed, as Halliday might have said, to go through the motions wonderfully well.

"And now," continued the soldier, somewhat mollified, "if you have any thing to say, say it in two minutes, and let me see your backs turned; for if Bothwell take it into his drunken head to make the rounds half an hour too soon, it will be a black business to us all."

"Farewell, Edith," whispered Morton,

assuming a firmness he was far from possessing; "do not remain here—leave me to my fate—it cannot be beyond endurance since you are interested in it.—Good night, good night!—Do not remain here till you are discovered."——

Thus saying, he resigned her to her attendant, by whom she was partly led and partly supported out of the apartment.

"Every one has his taste, to be sure," said Halliday; "but d—n me if I would have vexed so sweet a girl as that is for all the whigs that ever swore the Covenant."

When Edith had regained her apartment, she gave way to a burst of grief which alarmed Jenny Dennison, who hastened to administer such scraps of consolation as occurred to her.

"Dinna vex yoursel sae muckle, Miss Edith," said that faithful attendant; "wha kens what may happen to help young Milnwood? He's a brave lad, and a bonny, and a gentleman of a good fortune, and they winna string the like o' him up as they

do the puir whig bodies that they catch in the muirs, like straps o' onions; maybe his uncle will bring him aff, or maybe your ain granduncle will speak a gude word for him —he's weel acquaint wi' a' the red-coat gentlemen."

"You are right, Jenny! you are right," said Edith, recovering herself from the stupor into which she had sunk; "this is no time for despair, but for exertion. You must find some one to ride this very night to my uncle's with a letter."

"To Charnwood, madam? It's unco late, and it's sax miles an' a bittock doun the water; I doubt if we can find man an' horse the night, mair especially as they hae mounted a centinel before the gate. Puir Cuddie! he's gane, puir fallow, that wad hae dune aught in the warld I bade him, and ne'er asked a reason—an' I've had nae time to draw up wi' the new pleugh-lad yet; forby that, they say he's gaun to be married to Meg Murdieson, ill-fa'ard cuttie as she is."

"You *must* find some one to go, Jenny; life and death depend upon it."

"I wad gang mysel, my leddy, for I could creep out at the window o' the pantry, and speel down by the auld yew-tree weel eneugh—I hae played that trick ere now. But the road's unco wild, and sae mony red-coats about, forby the whigs, that are no muckle better, (the young lads o' them) if they meet a fraim body their lane in the muirs. I wadna stand for the walk—I can walk ten miles by moonlight weel eneugh."

"Is there no one you can think of, that, for money or favour, would serve me so far?" said Edith, in great anxiety.

"I dinna ken," said Jenny, after a moment's consideration, "unless it be Guse Gibbie; and he'll maybe no ken the way, though it's no sae difficult to hit, if he keep the horse-road, and mind the turn at the Cappercleuch, and dinna drown himsel in Whomlekirn-pule, or fa' ower the scaur at the De'il's Loaning, or miss ony o' the kittle

staps at the Pass o' Walkwary, or be carried to the hills by the whigs, or be ta'en to the tolbooth by the red-coats."

"All ventures must be run," said Edith, cutting short the list of chances against Goose Gibbie's safe arrival at the end of his pilgrimage; "all risks must be run, unless you can find a better messenger.—Go, bid the boy get ready, and get him out of the Tower as secretly as you can. If he meets any one, let him say he is carrying a letter to Major Bellenden of Charnwood, but without mentioning any names."

"I understand, madam," said Jenny Dennison; "I warrant the callant will do weel aneugh, and Tib the hen-wife will tak care o' the geese for a word o' my mouth; and I'll tell Gibbie your leddyship will mak his peace wi' Lady Margaret, and will gie him a dollar."

"Two, if he does his errand well," said Edith.

Jenny departed to rouse Goose Gibbie out of his slumbers, to which he was usu-

ally consigned at sun-down, or shortly after, he keeping the hours of the birds under his charge. During her absence, Edith took her writing materials, and prepared against her return the following letter, superscribed, For the hands of Major Bellenden of Charnwood, my much-honoured uncle, These:

"My dear uncle—this will serve to inform you, I am desirous to know how your gout is, as we did not see you at the wappin-schaw, which made both my mother and myself very uneasy. And if it will permit you to travel, we will be happy to see you at our poor house to-morrow at the hour of breakfast, as Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse is to pass this way on his march, and we would willingly have your assistance to receive and entertain a military man of such distinction, who, probably, will not be much delighted with the company of women. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to let Mrs Carfort, your housekeeper, send me my double-trimmed pa-

duasoy with the hanging sleeves, which she will find in the third drawer of the walnut press in the green room, which you are so kind as to call mine. Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the Grand Cyrus, as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspes upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page; but, above all, I entreat you to come to us to-morrow before eight of the clock, which, as your pacing nag is so good, you may well do without rising before your usual hour. So, praying to God to preserve your health, I rest your dutiful and loving niece,

"EDITH BELLENDEN.

"*Postscriptum.* A party of soldiers have last night brought your friend, young Mr Henry Morton of Milnwood, hither as a prisoner. I conclude you will be sorry for the young gentleman, and, therefore, let you know this, in case you may think of speaking to Colonel Grahame in his behalf. I have not mentioned his name to

my grandmother, knowing her prejudice against the family."

This epistle being duly sealed and delivered to Jenny, that faithful confidante hastened to put the same in the charge of Goose Gibbie, whom she found in readiness to start from the castle. She then gave him various instructions touching the road which she apprehended he was likely to mistake, not having travelled it above five or six times, and possessing only the same slender proportion of memory as of judgment. Lastly, she smuggled him out of the garrison through the pantry window into the branchy yew-tree which grew close beside it, and had the satisfaction to see him reach the bottom in safety, and take the right turn at the commencement of his journey. She then returned to persuade her young mistress to go to bed, and to lull her to rest, if possible, with assurances of Gibbie's success in his embassy, only qualified by a passing regret that the trusty Cuddie, with whom the

commission might have been more safely reposed, was no longer within reach of serving her.

More fortunate as a messenger than as a cavalier, it was Gibbie's good hap, rather than his good management, which, after he had gone astray not oftener than nine times, and given his garments a taste of the variation of each bog, brook, and slough, between Tillietudlem and Charnwood, placed him about day-break before the gate of Major Bellenden's mansion, having completed a walk of ten miles (for the bittock, as usual, amounted to four) in little more than the same number of hours.

CHAPTER XI.

At last comes the troop, by the word of command
Drawn up in our court, where the captain cries, Stand.
SWIFT.

MAJOR BELLENDEN's ancient valet, Gideon Pike, as he adjusted his master's clothes by his bed-side, preparatory to the worthy veteran's toilet, acquainted him, as an apology for disturbing him an hour earlier than his usual time of rising, that there was an express from Tillietudlem.

"From Tillietudlem?" said the old gentleman, rising hastily in his bed, and sitting bolt upright. "Open the shutters, Pike—I hope my sister-in-law is well—furl up the bed-curtain.—What have we all here?" (glancing at Edith's note.) "The gout?—why, she knows I have not had a

fit since Candlemas.—The wappin-schaw? I told her a month since I was not to be there.—Paduasoy and hanging sleeves? why, hang the gipsey herself!—Grand Cyrus and Philipdastus—Philip Devil—is the wench gone crazy all at once? was it worth while to send an express and wake me at five in the morning for all this trash? —But what says her postcriptum? Mercy on us!" he exclaimed on perusing it,— "Pike, saddle old Kilsythe instantly, and another horse for yourself."

"I hope nae ill news frae the Tower, sir?" said Pike, astonished at his master's sudden emotion.

"Yes—no—yes—that is, I must meet Claverhouse there on some express business; so boot and saddle, Pike, as fast as you can.—O, Lord! what times are these! —the poor lad—my old cronie's son!—and the silly wench sticks it into her postscriptum, as she calls it, at the tail of all this trumpery about old gowns and new romances!"

In a few minutes the good old officer was fully equipped; and, having mounted upon his arm-gaunt charger as soberly as Mark Antony himself could have done, he paced forth his way to the Tower of Tillietudlem.

On the road he formed the prudent resolution to say nothing to the old lady, (whose dislike to presbyterians of all kinds he knew to be inveterate,) of the quality and rank of the prisoner detained within her walls, but to try his own influence with Claverhouse to obtain Morton's liberation.

"Being so loyal as he is, he must do something for so old a cavalier as I am," thought the veteran to himself, "and if he is so good a soldier as the world speaks of, why, he will be glad to serve an old soldier's son. I never knew a real soldier that was not a frank-hearted, honest fellow; and I think the execution of the laws (though it's a pity they find it necessary to make them so severe) may be

a thousand times better entrusted with them than with peddling lawyers and thick-skulled country gentlemen."

Such were the ruminations of Major Miles Bellenden, which were terminated by John Gudyill (not more than half-drunk) taking hold of his bridle, and assisting him to dismount in the rough paved court of Tillietudlem.

"Why, John," said the veteran, "what devil of a discipline is this you have been keeping? You have been reading Geneva print this morning already."

"I have been reading the Litany," said John, shaking his head with a look of drunken gravity, and having only caught one word of the major's address to him; "life is short, sir; we are flowers of the field, sir,—hiccup—and lilies of the valley."

"Flowers and lilies? why, man, such carles as thou and I can hardly be called old hemlocks, decayed nettles, or withered rag-weed; but I suppose you think that we are still worth watering."

"I am an old soldier, sir, I thank Heaven"—hiccup—

"An old skinker you mean, John. But, come, never mind, shew me the way to your mistress, old lad."

John Gudyill led the way to the stone-hall, where Lady Margaret was fidgetting about, superintending, arranging, and reforming the preparations made for the reception of the celebrated Claverhouse, whom one party honoured and extolled as a hero, and another execrated as a blood-thirsty oppressor.

"Did I not tell you," said Lady Margaret to her principal female attendant—"did I not tell you, Mysie, that it was my especial pleasure on this occasion to have every thing in the precise order wherein it was upon that famous morning when his most sacred majesty partook of his disjune at Tillietudlem?"

"Doubtless, such were your leddyship's commands, and to the best of my remembrance"——was Mysie answering, when

her ladyship broke in with, "Then wherefore is the venison pasty placed on the left side of the throne, and the stoup of claret upon the right, when ye may right weel remember, Mysie, that his most sacred majesty with his ain hand shifted the pasty to the same side with the flagon, and said they were too good friends to be parted?"

"I mind that weel, madam," said Mysie; "and if I had forgot, I have heard your leddyship often speak about that grand morning sin' syne; but I thought every thing was to be placed just as it was when his majesty, God bless him, came into this room, looking mair like an angel than a man, if he hadna been sae black-avised."

"Then ye thought nonsense, Mysie; for in whatever way his most sacred majesty ordered the position of the trenchers and flagons, that, as weel as his royal pleasure in greater matters, should be a law

to his subjects, and shall ever be to those of the house of Tillietudlem."

"Weel, madam," said Mysie, making the alteration required, "it's easy mending the error; but if every thing is just to be as his majesty left it, there should be an unco hole in the venison pasty."

At this moment the door opened.

"Who is that, John Gudyill?" exclaimed the old lady. "I can speak to no one just now.—Is it you, my dear brother?" she continued, in some surprise, as the Major entered; "this is a right early visit."

"Not more early than welcome, I hope," replied Major Bellenden, as he saluted the widow of his deceased brother; "but I heard by a note which Edith sent to Charnwood about some of her equipage and books, that you were to have Claver'se here this morning, so I thought, like an old firelock as I am, that I should like to have a chat with this rising soldier. I caused Pike saddle Kilsythe, and here we both are."

"And most kindly welcome you are," said the old lady; "it is just what I should have prayed, if I had thought there was time. You see I am busy in preparation. All is to be in the same order as when"——

"The king breakfasted at Tillietudlem," said the Major, who, like all Lady Margaret's friends, dreaded the commencement of that narrative, and was desirous to cut it short. "I remember it well; you know I was waiting on his majesty."

"You were, brother," said Lady Margaret; "and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment."

"Nay, good sooth," said the Major, "the damnable dinner that Noll gave us at Worcester a few days afterwards, drove all your good cheer out of my memory.—But how's this?—you have even the great Turkey-leather elbow-chair, with the tapestry cushions, placed in state."

"The throne, brother, if you please," said Lady Margaret, gravely.

"Well, the throne be it, then," continued the Major. "Is that to be Claver'se's post in the attack upon the pasty?"

"No, brother," said the lady; "as these cushions have been once honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my life-time, be pressed by any less dignified weight."

"You should not put them in the way, then, of an honest old cavalier, who has ridden ten miles before breakfast; for, to confess the truth, they look very inviting. But where is Edith?"

"On the battlements of the warder's turret," answered the old lady, "looking out for the approach of our guests."

"Why, I'll go there too; and so should you, Lady Margaret, as soon as you have your line of battle properly formed in the hall here. It's a pretty thing, I can tell you, to see a regiment of horse upon the march."

Thus speaking, he offered his arm with an air of old-fashioned gallantry, which Lady Margaret accepted with such a curtesy of acknowledgment as ladies were wont to make in Holyrood-house before the year 1642, which, for one while, drove both curtesies and courts out of fashion.

Upon the bartizan of the turret, to which they ascended by many a winding passage and uncouth staircase, they found Edith, not in the attitude of a young lady who watches with fluttering curiosity the approach of a smart regiment of dragoons, but pale, downcast, and evincing, by her countenance, that sleep had not, in the preceding night, been the companion of her pillow. The good old veteran was hurt at her appearance, which, in the hurry of preparation, her grandmother had omitted to notice.

"What is come over you, you silly girl?" he said; "why, you look like an officer's wife when she opens the News-letter after an action, and expects to find her husband

among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason—you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances, day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamines, or what d'ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew any body that cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d—d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I dare say you would think very little of Raddlebanes, if he were alongside of Artamines.—I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picquet for leasing-making."

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the perusal of romances, took up the cudgels.

"Monsieur Scuderi," she said, "is a soldier, brother, and, as I have heard, a complete one, and so is the Sieur D'Urfe."

"More shame for them; they should

have known better what they were writing about. For my part, I have not read a book these twenty years except my Bible, The Whole Duty of Man, and, of late days, Turner's Pallas Armata, or Treatise on the Ordering of the Pike Exercise, and I don't like *his* discipline much neither. He wants to draw up the cavalry in front of a stand of pikes, instead of being upon the wings. Sure am I, if we had done so at Kilsythe, instead of having our handful of horse on the flanks, the first discharge would have sent them back among our Highlanders.—But I hear the kettle-drums."

All heads were now bent from the battlements of the turret, which commanded a distant prospect down the vale of the river. The Tower of Tillietudlem stood, or perhaps yet stands, upon the angle of a very precipitous bank, formed by the junction of a considerable brook with the Clyde. There was a narrow bridge of one steep arch, across the brook near its mouth, over which, and along the foot of the high and

broken bank, winded the public road; and the fortalice, thus commanding both bridge and pass, had been, in times of war, a post of considerable importance, the possession of which was necessary to secure the communication of the upper and wilder districts of the country with those beneath, where the valley expands, and is more capable of cultivation. The view downwards is of a grand woodland character; but the level ground and gentle slopes near the river form cultivated fields of an irregular form, interspersed with hedge-row trees and copses, the inclosures seeming as it were to have been cleared out of the forest which surrounds them, and which occupies, in unbroken masses, the steeper declivities and more distant banks. The stream, in colour a clear and sparkling brown, like the hue of the cairngorum pebbles, rushes through this romantic region in bold sweeps and curves, partly visible and partly concealed by the trees which clothe its banks. With a pro-

vidence unknown in other parts of Scotland, the peasants have, in most places, planted orchards around their cottages, and the general blossom of the apple-trees at this season of the year gave all the lower part of the view the appearance of a flower-garden.

Looking up the river, the character of the scene was varied considerably for the worse. A hilly, waste, and uncultivated country approached close to the banks; the trees were few, and limited to the neighbourhood of the stream, and the rude moors swelled at a little distance into shapeless and heavy hills, which were again surmounted in their turn by a range of lofty mountains, dimly seen on the horizon. Thus the Tower commanded two prospects, the one richly cultivated and highly adorned, the other exhibiting the monotonous and dreary character of a wild and inhospitable moorland.

The eyes of the spectators on the present occasion were attracted to the down-

ward view, not alone by its superior beauty, but because the distant sounds of military music began to be heard from the public high road which winded up the vale, and announced the approach of the expected body of cavalry. Their glimmering ranks were shortly afterwards seen in the distance, appearing and disappearing as the trees and the windings of the road permitted them to be visible, and distinguished chiefly by the flashes of light which their arms occasionally reflected against the sun. The train was long and imposing, for there were about two hundred and fifty horse upon the march, and the glancing of the swords and waving of their banners, joined to the clang of their trumpets and kettle-drums, had at once a lively and awful effect upon the imagination. As they advanced still nearer and nearer, they could distinctly see the files of these chosen troops following each other in long succession, completely equipped and superbly mounted.

"It's a sight that makes me thirty years younger," said the old cavalier, "and yet I do not much like the service that these poor fellows are to be engaged in. Although I had my share of the civil war, I cannot say I had ever so much real pleasure in that sort of service as when I was in service on the continent, and we were hacking at fellows with foreign faces and outlandish language. It's a hard thing to hear a hamely Scotch tongue cry quarter, and be obliged to cut him down just the same as if he called out *misericordé*.—So, there they come through the Netherwood haugh; upon my word, fine-looking fellows, and capitally mounted—He that is galloping from the rear of the column must be Claver'se himself;—ay, he gets into the front as they cross the bridge, and now they will be with us in less than five minutes."

At the bridge beneath the Tower the cavalry divided, and the greater part, moving up the left bank of the brook and

crossing at a ford a little above, took the road of the Grange, as it was called, a large set of farm offices belonging to the Tower, where Lady Margaret had ordered preparation to be made for their reception and suitable entertainment. The officers alone, with their colours and an escort to guard them, were seen to take the steep road up to the gate of the Tower, appearing by intervals as they gained the ascent, and again hidden by projections of the bank and of the huge old trees with which it is covered. When they emerged from this narrow path they found themselves in front of the old Tower, the gates of which were hospitably open for their reception. Lady Margaret, with Edith and her brother-in-law, having hastily descended from their post of observation, appeared to meet and to welcome their guests, with a retinue of domestics in as good order as the orgies of the preceding evening permitted. The gallant young cornet (a relation as well as namesake of Claverhouse,

with whom the reader has been already made acquainted) lowered the standard amid the fanfare of the trumpets, in homage to the rank of Lady Margaret and the charms of her grand-daughter, and the old walls echoed to the flourish of the instruments and the stamp and neigh of the chargers.

Claverhouse himself alighted from a black horse, the most beautiful perhaps in Scotland. He had not a single white hair upon his whole body, a circumstance, which, joined to his spirit and fleetness, and to his being so frequently employed in pursuit of the presbyterian recusants, caused an opinion to prevail among them, that the steed had been presented to his rider by the great Enemy of Mankind in order to assist him in persecuting the fugitive wanderers. When Claverhouse had paid his respects to the ladies with military politeness, had apologized for the trouble to which he was putting Lady Margaret's family, and had received the corresponding

assurances that she could not think any thing an inconvenience which brought within the walls of Tillietudlem so distinguished a soldier, and so loyal a servant of his sacred majesty; when, in short, all forms of hospitable and polite ritual had been duly complied with, the Colonel requested permission to receive the report of Bothwell, who was now in attendance, and with whom he spoke apart for a few minutes. Major Bellenden took that opportunity to say to his niece, without the hearing of her grandmother, "What a trifling foolish girl you are, Edith, to send me by express a letter crammed with nonsense about books and gowns, and to slide the only thing I cared a marvedie about into the postscript."

"I did not know," said Edith, hesitating very much, "whether it would be quite—quite proper for me to"——

"I know what you would say—whether it would be right to take any interest in a presbyterian. But I knew this lad's father

well. He was a brave soldier; and, if he was once wrong, he was once right too. I must commend your caution, Edith, for having said nothing of this young gentleman's affair to your grandmother—you may rely I shall not—I will take an opportunity to speak to Claver'se. Come, my love, they are going to breakfast—Let us follow them."

CHAPTER XII.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.

PRIOR.

THE breakfast of Lady Margaret Bellenden no more resembled a modern dejeuné, than the great stone-hall of Tillietudlem could brook comparison with a modern drawing-room. No tea, no coffee, no variety of rolls, but solid and substantial viands—the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, the princely venison pasty; while silver flagons, saved with difficulty from the claws of the Covenanters, now mantled, some with ale, some with mead, and some with generous wine of various qualities and descriptions. The appetites of the guests were in correspondence to the magnificence and soli-

dity of the preparation—no piddling—no boys' play, but that steady and persevering exercise of the jaws which is best learned by early morning hours, and by occasional hard commons.

Lady Margaret beheld with delight the cates which she had provided descending with such alacrity into the persons of her honoured guests, and had little occasion to exercise, with respect to any of the company saving Claverhouse himself, the compulsory urgency of pressing to eat, to which, as to the *peine forte et dure*, the ladies of that period were in the custom of subjecting their guests.

But the leader himself, more anxious to pay courtesy to Miss Bellenden, next whom he was placed, than to gratify his appetite, appeared somewhat negligent of the good cheer set before him. Edith heard, without reply, many courtly speeches addressed to her, in a tone of voice of that happy modulation which could alike melt in the low tones of interest-

ing conversation, and rise amid the din of battle, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound." The sense that she was in the presence of the dreaded chief upon whose fiat the fate of Henry Morton must depend—the recollection of the terror and awe which were attached to the very name of the commander, deprived her for some time, not only of the courage to answer, but even of the power of looking upon him. But when, emboldened by the soothing tones of his voice, she lifted her eyes to frame some reply, the person on whom she looked bore, in his appearance at least, none of the terrible attributes in which her apprehensions had arrayed him.

Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners, were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-formed

nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinged with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper-lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon.

The severity of his character, as well as the higher attributes of undaunted and enterprising valour which even his enemies were compelled to admit, lay concealed under an exterior which seemed adapted to the court or the saloon rather than to the field. The same gentleness and gaiety of expression which reigned in his features seemed to inspire his actions and gestures; and, on the whole, he was generally esteemed, at first sight, rather qualified to be the votary of pleasure than of ambition. But under this soft exterior was

hidden a spirit unbounded in daring and in aspiring, yet cautious and prudent as that of Machiavel himself. Profound in politics, and imbued, of course, with that disregard for individual rights which its intrigues usually generate, this leader was cool and collected in danger, fierce and ardent in pursuing success, careless of death himself, and ruthless in inflicting it upon others. Such are the characters formed in times of civil discord, when the highest qualities, perverted by party spirit, and inflamed by habitual opposition, are too often combined with vices and excesses which deprive them at once of their merit and of their lustre.

In endeavouring to reply to the polite trifles with which Claverhouse accosted her, Edith showed so much confusion, that her grandmother thought it necessary to come to her relief.

"Edith Bellenden," said the old lady, "has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere,

that truly she can hardly frame her speech to suitable answers. A soldier is so rare a sight with us, Colonel Grahame, that unless it be my young Lord Evandale, we have hardly had an opportunity of receiving a gentleman in uniform. And, now I talk of that excellent young nobleman, may I enquire if I was not to have had the honour of seeing him this morning with the regiment?"

"Lord Evandale, madam, was on his march with us," answered the leader, "but I was obliged to detach him with a small party to disperse a conventicle of those troublesome scoundrels who have had the impudence to assemble within five miles of my head-quarters."

"Indeed!" said the old lady; "that is a height of presumption to which I would have thought no rebellious fanatics would have ventured to aspire. But these are strange times! There is an evil spirit in the land, Colonel Grahame, that excites

the vassals of persons of rank to rebel against the very house that holds and feeds them. There was one of my able-bodied men the other day who plainly refused to attend the wappen-schaw at my bidding. Is there no law for such recusancy, Colonel Grahame?"

"I think I could find one," said Claverhouse, with great composure, "if your ladyship will inform me of the name and residence of the culprit."

"His name," said Lady Margaret, "is Cuthbert Headrigg; I can say nothing of his domicile, for ye may weel believe, Colonel Grahame, he did not dwell long in Tillietudlem, but was speedily expelled for his contumacy. I wish the lad no ill; but incarceration, or even a few stripes, would be a good example in this neighbourhood. His mother, under whose influence I doubt he acted, is an ancient domestic of this family, which makes me incline to mercy, although," continued the old lady, looking towards the pictures of

her husband and her sons, with which the hall was hung, and heaving, at the same time, a deep sigh, "I, Colonel Grahame, have in my ain person but little right to compassionate that stubborn and rebellious generation. They have made me a childless widow, and, but for the protection of our sacred sovereign and his gallant soldiers, they would soon deprive me of land and goods, of hearth and altar. Seven of my tenants, whose joint rent-mail may mount to well nigh a hundred merks, have already refused to pay either cess or rent, and had the assurance to tell my steward that they would acknowledge neither king nor landlord but who should have taken the Covenant."

"I will take a course with them—that is, with your ladyship's permission," answered Claverhouse; "it would ill become me to neglect the support of lawful authority when it is lodged in such worthy hands as that of Lady Margaret Bellenden. But I must needs say this coun-

try grows worse and worse daily, and reduces me to the necessity of taking measures with the recusants that are much more consonant with my duty than with my inclinations. And, speaking of this, I must not forget that I have to thank your ladyship for the hospitality you have been pleased to extend to a party of mine who have brought in a prisoner, charged with having resetted the murdering villain, Balfour of Burley."

"The house of Tillietudlem," answered the lady, "hath ever been open to the servants of his majesty, and I hope that the stones of it will no longer rest on each other when it surceases to be as much at their command as at ours. And this reminds me, Colonel Grahame, that the gentleman who commands the party can hardly be said to be in his proper place in the army, considering whose blood flows in his veins; and if I might flatter myself that any thing would be granted to my request, I would presume to en-

treat that he might be promoted on some favourable opportunity."

"Your ladyship means Serjeant Francis Stuart, whom we call Bothwell?" said Claverhouse, smiling. "The truth is, he is a little too rough in the country, and has not been uniformly so amenable to discipline as the rules of the service require. But to instruct me how to oblige Lady Margaret Bellenden is to lay down the law to me—Bothwell," he continued, addressing the serjeant who just then appeared at the door, "go kiss Lady Margaret Bellenden's hand who interests herself in your promotion, and you shall have a commission the first vacancy."

Bothwell went through the salutation in the manner prescribed, but not without evident marks of haughty reluctance, and, when he had done so, said aloud, "To kiss a lady's hand can never disgrace a gentleman; but I would not kiss a man's, save the king's, to be made a general."

"You hear him," said Claverhouse, smiling, "there's the rock he splits upon; he cannot forget his pedigree."

"I know, my noble colonel," said Bothwell in the same tone, "that *you* will not forget your promise; and then, perhaps, you may permit *Cornet* Stuart to have some recollection of his grandfather, though the *serjeant* must forget him."

"Enough of this, sir," said Claverhouse, in the tone of command which was familiar to him, "and let me know what you came to report to me just now."

"My Lord Evandale and his party have halted on the high-road with some prisoners," said Bothwell.

"My Lord Evandale?" said Lady Margaret. "Surely, Colonel Grahame, you will permit him to honour me with his society, and to take his poor disjune here, especially considering, that even his most sacred majesty did not pass the Tower of Tillietudlem without halting to partake of some refreshment."

As this was the third time in the course of the conversation that Lady Margaret had adverted to this distinguished event, Colonel Grahame, as speedily as politeness would permit, took advantage of the first pause to interrupt the farther progress of the narrative, by saying, "We are already too numerous a party of guests; but as I know what Lord Evandale will suffer (looking towards Edith) if deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy, I will run the risk of overburdening your ladyship's hospitality.—Bothwell, let Lord Evandale know that Lady Margaret Bellenden requests the honour of his company."

"And let Harrison take care," added Lady Margaret, "that the people and their horses are suitably seen to."

Edith's heart sprung to her lips during this conversation, for it instantly occurred to her, that, through her influence over Lord Evandale, she might find some means of releasing Morton from his present state of danger, in case her uncle's inter-

cession with Claverhouse should prove ineffectual. At any other time, she would have been much averse to exert this influence; for, however inexperienced in the world, her native delicacy taught her the advantage which a beautiful young woman gives to a young man when she permits him to lay her under an obligation. And she would have been the farther disinclined to request any favour of Lord Evandale, because the voice of the gossips in Clydesdale had, for reasons hereafter to be made known, assigned him to her as a suitor, and because she could not disguise from herself that very little encouragement was necessary to realize conjectures which had hitherto no foundation. This was the more to be dreaded, that, in the case of Lord Evandale making a formal declaration, he had every chance of being supported by the influence of Lady Margaret and her other friends, and that she would have nothing to oppose to their solicitations and authority, except a predilection, to avow

which she knew would be equally dangerous and unavailing. She determined, therefore, to wait the issue of her uncle's intercession, and, should it fail, which she conjectured she should soon learn, either from the looks or language of the open-hearted veteran, she would then, as a last effort, make use in Morton's favour of her interest with Lord Evandale. Her mind did not long remain in suspense on the subject of her uncle's application.

Major Bellenden, who had done the honours of the table, laughing and chatting with the military guests who were at that end of the board, was now, by the conclusion of the repast, at liberty to leave his station, and accordingly took an opportunity to approach Claverhouse, requesting from his niece, at the same time, the honour of a particular introduction. As his name and character were well known, the two military men met with expressions of mutual regard, and Edith, with a beating

heart, saw her aged relative withdraw from the company, together with his new acquaintance, into a recess formed by one of the arched windows of the hall. She watched their conference with eyes almost dazzled by the eagerness of suspense, and, with observation rendered more acute by the internal agony of her mind, could guess, from the pantomimic gestures which accompanied the conversation, the progress and fate of the intercession in behalf of Henry Morton.

The first expression of the countenance of Claverhouse betokened that open and willing courtesy, which, ere it requires to know the nature of the favour asked, seems to say, how happy the party will be to confer an obligation on the suppliant. But as the conversation proceeded, the brow of that officer became darker and more severe, and his features, though still retaining the expression of the most perfect politeness, assumed, at least to Edith's terrified imagination, a harsh and inexora-

ble character. His lip was now compressed as if with impatience, now curled slightly upward as if in civil contempt of the argument surged by Major Bellenden. The language of her uncle, as far as expressed in his manner, appeared to be that of earnest intercession, urged with all the affectionate simplicity of his character, as well as with the weight which his age and reputation entitled him to use. But it seemed to have little impression upon Colonel Grahame, who soon changed his posture, as if about to cut short the Major's importunity, and to break up their conference with a courtly expression of regret, calculated to accompany a positive refusal of the request solicited. This movement brought them so near Edith, that she could distinctly hear Claverhouse say, "It cannot be, Major Bellenden; lenity, in his case, is altogether beyond the bounds of my commission, though in any thing else I am so heartily desirous to oblige you.—And here comes Evandale with news,

as I think. What tidings do you bring us, Evandale?" he continued, addressing the young lord, who now entered in complete uniform, but with his dress disordered, and his boots spattered as if by riding hard.

"Unpleasant news, sir," was his reply. "A large body of whigs are in arms among the hills, and have broken out into actual rebellion. They have publicly burnt the Act of Supremacy, that which established episcopacy, that for observing the martyrdom of Charles I., and some others, and have declared their intention to remain together in arms for furthering the covenanted work of reformation."

This unexpected intelligence struck a sudden and unpleasant surprise into the minds of all who heard it, excepting Claverhouse.

"Unpleasant news call you them?" replied Colonel Grahame, his dark eyes flashing fire, "they are the best I have heard these six months. Now that the

scoundrels are drawn into a body we will make short work with them. When the adder crawls into daylight," he added, striking the heel of his boot upon the floor, as if in the act of crushing a noxious reptile, " I can trample him to death; he is only safe when he remains lurking in his den or morass.—Where are these knaves?" he continued, addressing Evandale.

" About ten miles off among the mountains, at a place called Loudon-hill," was the young nobleman's reply. " I dispersed the conventicle against which you sent me, and made prisoner an old trumpeter of rebellion, who was in the act of exhorting his hearers to rise and be doing in the good cause, as well as one or two of his hearers who seemed to be particularly insolent; and from some country people and scouts I learned what I now tell you."

" What may be their strength?" asked his commander.

"Probably a thousand men, but accounts differ widely."

"Then," said Claverhouse, "it is time for us to be up and be doing also—Bothwell, bid them sound to horse."

Bothwell, who, like the war-horse of scripture, snuffed the battle afar off, hastened to give orders to six negroes, in white dresses richly laced, and having massive silver collars and armlets. These sable functionaries acted as trumpeters, and speedily made the castle and the woods around it ring with their summons.

"Must you then leave us?" said Lady Margaret, her heart sinking under recollection of former unhappy times; "had ye no better send to learn the force of the rebels?—O, how many a fair face hae I heard these fearfu' sounds call away frae the Tower of Tillietudlem that my auld e'en were ne'er to see return to it!"

"It is impossible for me to stop," said Claverhouse; "there are rogues enough in this country to make the rebels five times

their strength, if they are not checked at once."

"Many," said Evandale, "are flocking to them already, and they give out that they expect a strong body of the indulged presbyterians, headed by young Milnwood, as they call him, the son of the famous old round-head, Colonel Silas Morton."

This speech produced a very different effect upon the hearers. Edith almost sunk from her seat with terror, while Claverhouse darted a glance of sarcastic triumph at Major Bellenden, which seemed to imply,—"You see what are the principles of the young man you are pleading for."

"It's a lie—it's a d—d lie of these rascally fanatics," said the Major, hastily. "I will answer for Henry Morton as I would for my own son. He is a lad of as good church-principles as any gentleman in the life-guards. I mean no offence to any one. He has gone to church service with me fifty

times, and I never heard him miss one of the responses in my life. Edith Bellenden can bear witness to it as well as I. He always read on the same Prayer book with her, and could look out the lessons as well as the curate himself. Call him up; let him be heard for himself."

"There can be no harm in that," said Claverhouse, "whether he be innocent or guilty.—Major Allan," he said, turning to the officer next in command, "take a guide, and lead the regiment forward to Loudon-hill by the best and shortest road. Move steadily, and do not blow the horses; Lord Evandale and I will overtake you in a quarter of an hour. Leave Bothwell with a party to bring up the prisoners."

Allan bowed, and left the apartment, with all the officers, excepting Claverhouse and the young nobleman. In a few minutes the sound of the military music and the clashing of hoofs announced that the horsemen were leaving the Castle. The

sounds were presently heard only at intervals, and soon died away entirely.

While Claverhouse endeavoured to sooth the terrors of Lady Margaret, and to reconcile the veteran Major to his opinion of Morton, Evandale, getting the better of that conscious shyness which renders an ingenuous youth diffident in approaching the object of his affections, drew near to Miss Bellenden, and accosted her in a tone of mingled respect and interest.

"We are to leave you," he said, taking her hand, which he pressed with much emotion—"to leave you for a scene which is not without its dangers. Farewell, dear Miss Bellenden;—let me say for the first, and perhaps the last time, dear Edith. We part in circumstances so singular as may excuse some solemnity in bidding farewell to one, whom I have known so long and whom I—respect so highly."

The manner differing from the words, seemed to express a feeling much deeper and more agitating than was conveyed in

the phrase he made use of. It was not in woman to be utterly insensible to his modest and deep-felt expression of tenderness. Although borne down by the misfortunes and imminent danger of the man she loved, Edith was touched by the hopeless and reverential passion of the gallant youth, who now took leave of her to rush into dangers of no ordinary description.

"I hope—I sincerely trust," she said, "there is no danger. I hope there is no occasion for this solemn ceremonial—that these hasty insurgents will be dispersed rather by fear than force, and that Lord Evandale will speedily return to be what he must always be, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle."

"Of *all?*" he repeated, with a melancholy emphasis upon the word. "But be it so—whatever is near you is dear and valued to me, and I value their approbation accordingly. Of our success I am not sanguine. Our numbers are so few, that I dare not hope for so speedy, so bloodless,

or so safe an end of this unhappy disturbance. These men are enthusiastic, resolute, and desperate, and have leaders not altogether unskilled in military matters. I cannot help thinking that the impetuosity of our Colonel is hurrying us against them rather prematurely. But there are few that have less reason to shun danger than I have."

Edith had now the opportunity she wished to bespeak the young nobleman's intercession and protection for Henry Morton, and it seemed the only remaining channel of interest by which he could be rescued from impending destruction. Yet she felt at that moment as if, in doing so, she was abusing the partiality and confidence of the lover, whose heart was as open before her as if his tongue had made an express declaration. Could she with honour engage Lord Evandale in the service of a rival? or could she with prudence make him any request, or lay herself under any obligation to him, without

affording ground for hopes which she could never realize? But the moment was too urgent for hesitation, or even for those explanations with which her request might otherwise have been qualified.

"I will but dispose of this young fellow," said Claverhouse, from the other side of the hall, "and then, Lord Evandale—I am sorry to interrupt agreeable conversation—but then we must mount.—Bothwell, why do you not bring up the prisoner? and, hark ye, let two files load their carabines."

In these words, Edith conceived she heard the death-warrant of her lover. She instantly broke through the restraint which had hitherto kept her silent.

"My Lord Evandale," she said, "this young gentleman is a particular friend of my uncle's—your interest must be great with your colonel—let me request your intercession in his favour—it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation."

"You over-rate my interest, Miss Bel-

lenden," said Lord Evandale, "I have been often unsuccessful in such applications when I have made them on the mere score of humanity."

"Yet try once again for my uncle's sake."

"And why not for your own?" said Lord Evandale. "Will you not allow me to think I am obliging *you* personally in this matter?—Are you so diffident of an old friend that you will not allow him even the satisfaction of thinking that he is gratifying your wishes?"

"Surely—surely," replied Edith; "you will oblige me infinitely—I am interested in the young gentleman on my uncle's account—Lose no time, for God's sake!"

She became bolder and more urgent in her entreaties, for she heard the steps of the soldiers who were entering with their prisoner.

"By Heaven! then," said Evandale, "he shall not die, if I should die in his place!—But will you not," he said, re-

suming the hand, which, in the hurry of her spirits, she had not courage to withdraw, "will you not grant me one suit, in return for my zeal in your service?"

"Any thing you can ask, my Lord Evandale, that sisterly affection can give."

"And is this all," he continued, "all you can grant to my affection living, or my memory when dead?"

"Do not speak thus, my lord," said Edith, "you distress me, and do injustice to yourself. There is no friend I esteem more highly, or to whom I would more readily grant every mark of regard—providing—But"——

A deep sigh made her turn her head suddenly, ere she had well uttered the last word; and, as she hesitated how to frame the exception with which she meant to close the sentence, she became instantly aware she had been overheard by Morton, who, heavily ironed and guarded by soldiers, was now passing behind her in order to be presented to Claverhouse. As

their eyes met each other, the sad and reproachful expression of Morton's glance seemed to imply that he had partially heard, and altogether misinterpreted, the conversation which had just passed. There wanted but this to complete Edith's distress and confusion. Her blood, which rushed to her brow, made a sudden revulsion to her heart, and left her as pale as death. This change did not escape the attention of Evandale, whose quick glance easily discovered that there was between the prisoner and the object of his own attachment, some singular and uncommon connection. He resigned the hand of Miss Bellenden, again surveyed the prisoner with more attention, again looked at Edith, and plainly observed the confusion which she could no longer conceal.

"This," he said, after a moment's gloomy silence, "is, I believe, the young gentleman who gained the prize at the shooting-match."

"I am not sure," hesitated Edith—"yet

—I rather think not," scarce knowing what she replied.

"It *is* he," said Evandale, decidedly; "I know him well. A victor," he continued, somewhat haughtily, "ought to have interested a fair spectator more deeply."

He then turned from Edith, and advancing towards the table at which Claverhouse now placed himself, stood at a little distance, resting on his sheathed broadsword, a silent, but not an unconcerned spectator of that which passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

O, my Lord, beware of jealousy.

Othello.

To explain the deep effect which the few broken passages of the conversation we have detailed, made upon the unfortunate prisoner by whom they were overheard, it is necessary to say something of his previous state of mind, and of the origin of his connection with Edith.

Henry Morton was one of those gifted characters which possess a force of talent unsuspected by the owner himself. He had inherited from his father an undaunted courage, and a firm and uncompromising detestation of oppression, whether in

politics or religion. But his enthusiasm was unsullied by fanatical zeal, and unleavened by the sourness of the puritanical spirit. From these his mind had been freed, partly by the active exertions of his own excellent understanding, partly by frequent and long visits at Major Bellenden's, where he had an opportunity of meeting with many guests whose conversation taught him, that goodness and worth were not limited to those of any single form of religious observance.

The base parsimony of his uncle had thrown many obstacles in the way of his education; but he had so far improved the opportunities which offered themselves, that his instructors as well as his friends were surprised at his progress under such disadvantages. Still, however, the current of his soul was frozen by a sense of dependence, of poverty, above all, of an imperfect and limited education. These feelings impressed him with a diffidence and reserve which effectually concealed from

all but very intimate friends, the extent of talent and the firmness of character, which we have stated him to be possessed of. The circumstances of the times had added to this reserve an air of indecision and of indifference; for, being attached to neither of the factions which divided the kingdom, he passed for dull, insensible, and uninfluenced by the feeling of religion or of patriotism. No conclusion, however, could be more unjust; and the reasons of the neutrality which he had hitherto professed had root in very different and most praise-worthy motives. He had formed few congenial ties with those who were the objects of persecution, and was disgusted alike by their narrow-minded and selfish party-spirit, their gloomy fanaticism, their abhorrent condemnation of all elegant studies or innocent exercises, and the envenomed rancour of their political hatred. But his mind was still more revolted by the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the government, the misrule,

license, and brutality of the soldiery, the executions on the scaffold, the slaughters in the open field, the free quarters and exactions imposed by military law, which placed the lives and fortunes of a free people on a level with Asiatic slaves. Condemning, therefore, each party as its excesses fell under his eyes, disgusted with the sight of evils which he had no means of alleviating, and hearing alternate complaints and exultations with which he could not sympathise, he would long ere this have left Scotland had it not been for his attachment to Edith Bellenden.

The earlier meeting of these young people had been at Charnwood, when Major Bellenden, who was as free from suspicion on such occasions as Uncle Toby himself, had encouraged their keeping each other constant company without entertaining any apprehension of the natural consequences. Love, as usual in such cases, borrowed the name of friendship, used her language, and claimed her privileges,

When Edith Bellenden was recalled to her mother's castle, it was astonishing by what singular and recurring accidents she often met young Morton in her sequestered walks, especially considering the distance of their places of abode. Yet it somehow happened that she never expressed the surprise which the frequency of these rencontres ought naturally to have excited, and that their intercourse assumed gradually a more delicate character, and their meetings began to wear the air of appointments. Books, drawings, letters, were exchanged between them, and every trifling commission, given or executed, gave rise to a new correspondence. Love indeed was not yet mentioned between them by name, but each knew the situation of their own bosom, and could not but guess at that of the other. Unable to desist from an intercourse which possessed such charms for them both, yet trembling for its too probable consequences, it had been continued without specific explanation until now,

when fate appeared to have taken the conclusion into its own hands.

It followed, as a consequence of this state of things, as well as of the diffidence of Morton's disposition at this period, that his confidence in Edith's return of his affection had its occasional cold fits. Her situation was in every respect so superior to his own, her worth so eminent, her accomplishments so many, her face so beautiful, and her manners so bewitching, that he could not but entertain fears that some suitor more favoured than himself by fortune, and more acceptable to Edith's family than he durst hope to be, might step in between him and the object of her affections. Common rumour had raised up such a rival in Lord Evandale, whom birth, fortune, connections, and political principles, as well as his frequent visits at Tillietudlem, and his attendance upon Lady Bellenden and her niece at all public places, naturally pointed out as a candidate for her favour. It frequently and inevitably

happened that engagements to which Lord Evandale was a party, interfered with the meeting of the lovers, and Henry could not but mark that Edith either studiously avoided speaking of the young nobleman, or did so with obvious reserve and hesitation.

These symptoms, which, in fact, arose from the delicacy of her own feelings towards Morton himself, were misconstrued by his diffident temper, and the jealousy which they excited was fermented by the occasional observations of Jenny Dennison. This true-bred serving-damsel was, in her own person, a complete country coquette, and when she had no opportunity of teazing her own lovers, used to take some occasional opportunity to torment her young lady's. This arose from no ill will to Henry Morton, who, both on her mistress's account and his own handsome form and countenance, stood high in her esteem. But then Lord Evandale was also handsome; he was liberal far beyond

what Morton's means could afford, and he was a lord, moreover; and, if Miss Edith Bellenden should accept his hand, she would become a baron's lady, and what was more, little Jenny Dennison, whom the awful housekeeper at Tillietudlem huffed about at her pleasure, would be then Mrs Dennison, Lady Evandale's own woman, or perhaps her ladyship's lady-in waiting. The impartiality of Jenny Dennison, therefore, did not, like that of Mrs Quickly, extend to a wish that both the handsome suitors could wed her young lady; for it must be owned that the scale of her regard was depressed in favour of Lord Evandale, and her wishes in his favour took many shapes extremely tormenting to Morton; being now expressed as a friendly caution, now as an article of intelligence, and anon as a merry jest, but always tending to confirm the idea, that, sooner or later, his romantic intercourse with her young mistress must have a close,

and that Edith Bellenden would, in spite of summer walks beneath the greenwood-tree, exchange of verses, of drawings, and of books, end in becoming Lady Evandale.

These hints coincided so exactly with the very point of his own suspicions and fears, that Morton was not long of feeling that jealousy which every one has felt who has truly loved, but to which those are most liable whose love is crossed by the want of friends' consent, or some other envious impediment of fortune. Edith herself, unwittingly, and in the generosity of her own frank nature, contributed to the error into which her lover was in danger of falling. Their conversation once chanced to turn upon some late excesses committed by the soldiery on an occasion when it was said (inaccurately however) that the party was commanded by Lord Evandale. Edith, as true in friendship as in love, was somewhat hurt at the severe strictures which escaped from Morton upon this oc-

casion, and which, perhaps, were not the less strongly expressed on account of their supposed rivalry. She entered into Lord Evandale's defence with such spirit as hurt Morton to the very soul, and afforded no small delight to Jenny Dennison, the usual companion of their walks. Edith perceived her error, and endeavoured to remedy it; but the impression was not so easily erazed, and it had no small effect in inducing her lover to form that resolution of going abroad, which was disappointed in the manner we have already mentioned.

The visit which he received from Edith during his confinement, the deep and devoted interest which she had expressed in his fate, ought of themselves to have dispelled his suspicions; yet, ingenious in tormenting himself, even this he thought might be imputed to anxious friendship, or, at most, to a temporary partiality, which would probably soon give way to circumstances, the entreaties of her friends, the

authority of Lady Margaret, and the assiduities of Lord Evandale.

"And to what do I owe it," he said, "that I cannot stand up like a man, and plead my interest in her ere I am thus cheated out of it?—to what, but to the accursed tyranny which afflicts at once our bodies, souls, estates, and affections! And is it to one of the pensioned cut-throats of this oppressive government that I must yield my pretensions to Edith Bellenden? —I will not, by Heaven!—It is a just punishment on me for being dead to public wrongs, that they have visited me with their injuries in a point where they can be least brooked or borne."

As these stormy resolutions boiled in his bosom, and while he ran over the various kinds of insult and injury which he had sustained in his own cause and in that of his country, Bothwell entered the tower, followed by two dragoons, one of whom carried handcuffs.

"You must follow me, young man,"

said he, "but first we must put you in trim."

"In trim!" said Morton, "What do you mean?"

"Why, we must put on these rough bracelets. I durst not—nay, d—n it I *durst* do any thing—but I *would* not for three hours plunder of a stormed town bring a whig before my colonel without his being ironed. Come, come, young man, never look sulky about it."

He advanced to put on the irons; but, seizing the oaken-seat upon which he had rested, Morton threatened to dash out the brains of the first who should approach him.

"I should manage you in a moment, my youngster," said Bothwell, "but I had rather you would strike sail quietly."

Here indeed he spoke the truth, not from either fear or reluctance to adopt force, but because he dreaded the consequences of a noisy scuffle, through which it might probably be discovered that he

had, contrary to express orders, suffered his prisoner to pass the night without being properly secured.

"You had better be prudent," he continued, in a tone which he meant to be conciliatory, "and don't spoil your own sport. They say here in the castle that Lady Margaret's niece is immediately to marry our young Captain, Lord Evandale. I saw them close together in the hall yonder, and I heard her ask him to intercede for your pardon. She looked so devilish handsome and kind upon him that on my soul—but what the devil's the matter with you?—You are as pale as a sheet—Will you have some brandy?"

"Miss Bellenden ask my life of Lord Evandale?" said the prisoner, faintly.

"Ay, ay; there's no friend like the women—their interest carries all in court and camp — Come, you are reasonable now — Ay, I thought you would come round."

Here he employed himself in putting on

the fetters, against which, Morton, thunderstruck by this intelligence, no longer offered the least resistance.

"My life begged of him, and by her!—ay—ay—put on the irons—my limbs shall not refuse to bear what has entered into my very soul—My life begged by Edith, and begged of Evandale!"

"Ay, and he has power to grant it too," said Bothwell—"He can do more with the Colonel than any man in the regiment."

And as he spoke he and his party led their prisoner towards the hall. In passing behind the seat of Edith the unfortunate prisoner heard enough, as he conceived, of the broken expressions which passed between Edith and Lord Evandale to confirm all that the soldier had told him. That moment made a singular and instantaneous revolution in his character. The depth of despair to which his love and fortunes were reduced, the peril in which his life appeared to stand, the transference of Edith's affections, her interces-

sion in his favour, which rendered her fickleness yet more galling, seemed to destroy every feeling for which he had hitherto lived, but, at the same time, awakened those which had hitherto been smothered by passions more gentle though more selfish. Desperate himself, he determined to support the rights of his country, insulted in his person. His character was for the moment as effectually changed as the appearance of a villa, which, from being the abode of domestic quiet and happiness, is, by the sudden intrusion of an armed force, converted into a formidable post of defence.

We have already said that he cast upon Edith one glance in which reproach was mingled with sorrow, as if to bid her farewell for ever; his next motion was to walk firmly to the table at which Colonel Grahame was seated.

"By what right is it, sir," said he, firmly, and without waiting till he was question-

ed,—" By what right is it that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and put fetters on the limbs of a free man?"

" By my commands," answered Claverhouse; " and I now lay my commands on you to be silent and hear my questions."

" I will not," replied Morton, in a determined tone, while his boldness seemed to electrify all around him. " I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the charter of my country shall be forfeited in my person."

" A pretty springald this, upon my honour!" said Claverhouse.

" Are you mad?" said Major Bellenden to his young friend. " For God's sake, Henry Morton," he continued, in a tone between rebuke and entreaty, " remember you are speaking to one of his majesty's officers high in the service."

" It is for that very reason, sir," returned Henry, firmly, " that I desire to know

what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant. Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission."

"Your friend, here," said Claverhouse to the veteran, coolly, "is one of those scrupulous gentlemen, who, like the madman in the play, will not tie his cravat without the warrant of Mr Justice Overdo; but I will let him see, before we part, that my shoulder-knot is as legal a badge of authority as the mace of the Justiciary. So, waiving this discussion, you will be pleased, young man, to tell me directly when you saw Balfour of Burley."

"As I know no right you have to ask such a question, I decline replying to it."

"You confessed to my serjeant," said Claverhouse, "that you saw and entertained him, knowing him to be an inter-communed traitor; why are you not so frank with me?"

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I presume you are, from education, taught

to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample, and I am willing you should be aware there are yet Scotsmen who can assert the liberties of Scotland."

"And these supposed rights you would vindicate with your sword, I presume?" said Colonel Grahame.

"Were I armed as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice."

"It is quite enough," answered Claverhouse, calmly; "your language corresponds with all I have heard of you;—but you are the son of a soldier, though a rebellious one, and you shall not die the death of a dog; I will save you that indignity."

"Die in what manner I may," replied Morton, "I will die like the son of a brave man; and the ignominy you mention shall remain with those who shed innocent blood."

"Make your peace, then, with Heaven

in five minutes space.—Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard and draw up your party."

The appalling nature of this conversation, and of its results, struck the silence of horror into all but the speakers. But now those who stood round broke forth into clamour and expostulation. Old Lady Margaret, who, with all the prejudices of rank and party, had not laid aside the feelings of her sex, was loud in her intercession.

"O, Colonel Grahame," she exclaimed, "spare his young blood! Leave him to the law—do not repay my hospitality by shedding men's blood on the threshold of my doors!"

"Colonel Grahame," said Major Bellenden, "you must answer this violence. Don't think, though I am old and feckless, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity. I can find friends that shall make you answer it."

"Be satisfied, Major Bellenden, I will answer it," replied Claverhouse, totally unmoved; "and you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this passionate intercession for a traitor, when you consider the noble blood your own house has lost by such as he is."

"Colonel Grahame," answered the lady, her aged frame trembling with anxiety, "I leave vengeance to God, who calls it his own. The shedding of this young man's blood will not call back the lives that were dear to me; and how can it comfort me to think that there has maybe been another widowed mother made childless, like mysel, by a deed done at my very door-stane?"

"This is stark madness," said Claverhouse; "I *must* do my duty to church and state. Here are a thousand villains hard by in open rebellion, and you ask me to pardon a young fanatic who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze! It cannot be—remove him, Bothwell."

She who was most interested in this dreadful decision, had twice strove to speak, but her voice had totally failed her; her mind refused to suggest words and her tongue to utter them. She now sprung up and attempted to rush forward, but her strength gave way, and she would have fallen flat upon the pavement had she not been caught by her attendant.

"Help," cried Jenny,—"Help for God's sake! my young lady is dying."

At this exclamation, Evandale, who, during the preceding part of the scene, had stood motionless, leaning upon his sword, now stepped forward, and said to his commanding-officer, "Colonel Grahame, before proceeding in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?"

Claverhouse looked surprised, but instantly rose and withdrew with the young nobleman into a recess, where the following brief dialogue passed between them:

"I think I need not remind you, colonel, that when our family interest was of

service to you last year in that affair in the privy council, you considered yourself as laid under some obligation to us?"

"Certainly, my dear Evandale," answered Claverhouse, "I am not a man who forgets such debts; you will delight me by shewing how I can evince my gratitude."

"I will hold the debt cancelled if you will spare this young man's life."

"Evandale," replied Grahame, in great surprise, "you are mad—absolutely mad—what interest can you have in this young spawn of an old roundhead?—His father was positively the most dangerous man in all Scotland, cool, resolute, soldierly, and inflexible in his cursed principles. His son seems his very model; you cannot conceive the mischief he may do—I know mankind, Evandale—were he an insignificant, fanatical, country booby, do you think I would have refused such a trifle as his life to Lady Margaret and this family? But this is a lad of fire, zeal, and educa-

tion—and these knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiastic hardiness. I mention this not as refusing your request, but to make you fully aware of the possible consequences—I will never evade a promise, or refuse to return an obligation—If you ask his life, he shall have it."

"Keep him close prisoner," answered Evandale, "but do not be surprised if I persist in requesting you will not put him to death. I have most urgent reasons for what I ask."

"Be it so then," replied Grahame;—"but, young man, should you wish in your future life to rise to eminence in the service of your king and country, let it be your first task to subject to the public interest, and to the discharge of your duty, your private passions, affections, and feelings. These are not times to sacrifice to the dotage of greybeards, or the tears of silly women, the measures of salutary severity, which the dangers around compel us to adopt. And remember that if I now

yield this point, in compliance with your urgency, my present concession must exempt me from future solicitations of the same nature."

He then stepped forwards to the table, and bent his eyes keenly on Morton, as if to observe what effect the pause of awful suspense between death and life, which seemed to freeze the by-standers with horror, should produce upon the prisoner himself. Morton maintained a degree of firmness, which nothing but a mind which had nothing left on earth to love, or to hope, could have supported at such a crisis.

"You see him," said Claverhouse, in a half whisper to Lord Evandale, "he is tottering on the verge between time and eternity, a situation more appalling than the most hideous certainty; yet his is the only cheek unblenched, the only eye that is calm, the only heart that keeps its usual time, the only nerves that are not quivering. Look at him well, Evandale—If that man heads an army of rebels, you will

have much to answer for on account of this morning's work." He then said aloud, "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends.—Remove him, Bothwell, and let him be properly guarded and brought along with the other prisoners."

"If my life," said Morton, stung with the idea that he owed his respite to the intercession of a favourite rival, "if my life be granted at Lord Evandale's request"——

"Take the prisoner away, Bothwell," said Colonel Grahame, interrupting him; "I have neither time to make nor to hear sentimental speeches."

Bothwell forced off Morton, saying, as he conducted him into the court-yard, "Have you three lives in your pocket, besides the one in your body, my lad, that you can afford to let your tongue run away with them at this rate? Come, come, I'll take care to keep you out of the Colonel's way, for egad you will not be five minutes

with him before the next tree or the next ditch will be the word. So, come along to your companions in bondage."

So saying, the serjeant, who, in his rude manner, did not altogether want sympathy for a gallant young man, hurried Morton down to the court-yard, where three other prisoners (two men and a woman) who had been taken by Lord Evandale, remained under an escort of dragoons.

Mean time, Claverhouse took his leave of Lady Margaret. But it was difficult for the good lady to forgive his neglect of her intercession.

"I have thought till now," she said, "that the Tower of Tillietudlem might have been a place of succour to those that are ready to perish, even if they were na sae deserving as they should have been—but I see auld fruit has little savour—our suffering and our services have been of an ancient date."

"They are never to be forgotten by me, let me assure your ladyship," said Claver-

house. "Nothing but what seemed my sacred duty could make me hesitate to grant a favour requested by you and the major. Come, my good lady, let me hear you say you have forgiven me, and, as I return to-night, I will bring a drove of two hundred whigs with me, and pardon fifty head of them for your sake."

"I shall be happy to hear of your success, colonel," said Major Bellenden; "but take an old soldier's advice, and spare blood when battle's over—and once more let me request to enter bail for young Morton."

"We will settle that when I return," said Claverhouse. "Meanwhile, be assured his life shall be safe."

During this conversation, Evandale looked anxiously around for Edith; but the precaution of Jenny Dennison had occasioned her mistress being transported to her own apartment.

Slowly and heavily he obeyed the impatient summons of Claverhouse, who, after

taking a courteous leave of Lady Margaret and the Major, had hastened to the court-yard. The prisoners with their guard were already on their march, and the officers with their escort mounted and followed. All pressed forward to overtake the main body, as it was supposed they would come in sight of the enemy in not more than two hours.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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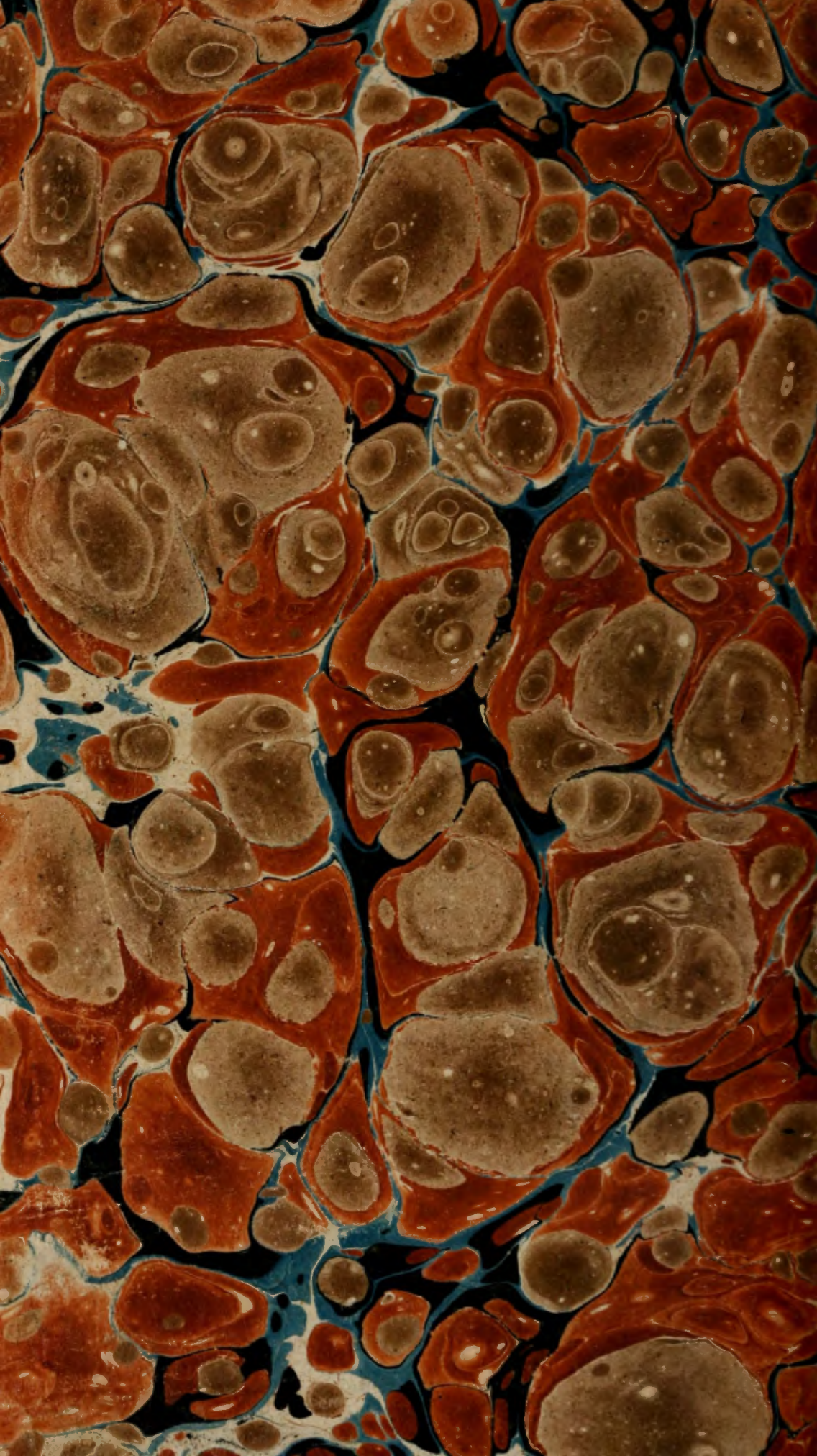

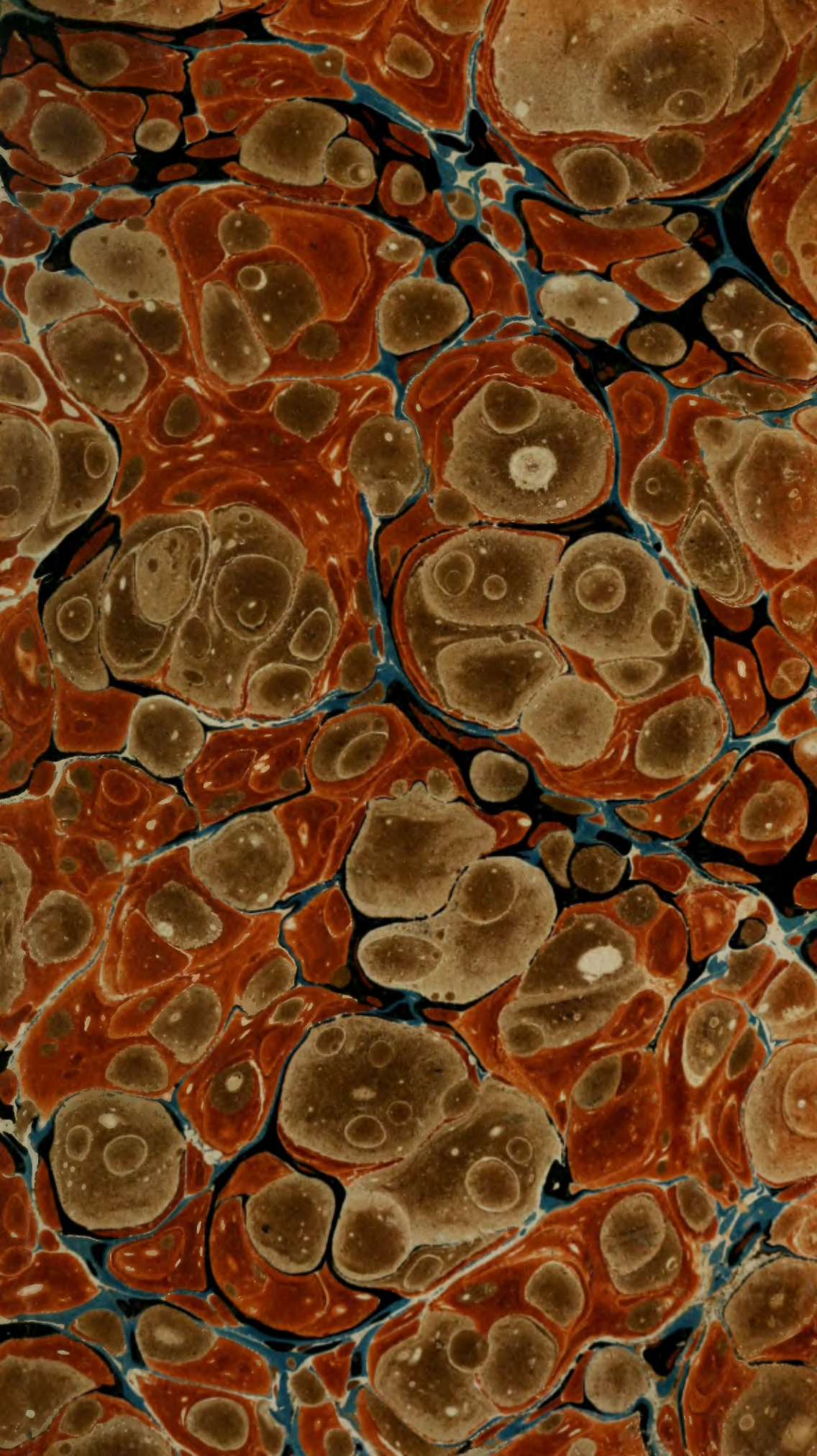

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